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# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXV. No. 51

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1916

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## REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Announcement

By William Marion Reedy

**A**FTER January 1st, 1917, the subscription price of REEDY'S MIRROR will be \$3 per year; single copies, 10 cents.

The cost of paper, composition, press-work, etc., has been advanced at a rate that makes profitable publication of the paper at the former price of subscription utterly impossible. At that the price is now raised only to that long established for other periodicals of like size and quality of contents.

Responses from readers since this announcement was made last week indicate that the increase will not reduce the list of subscribers one-tenth of one per cent.

♦♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

*Peace is on the Way*

**P**REMIER LLOYD-GEORGE says to Germany's peace proposal that it is indefinite as to terms and arrogant as to form; therefore it calls for no answer. But the Allies will consider no terms of peace that do not include restitution, reparation and guarantees against Prussian militarism in future. Still, the Allies do not say they refuse to confer upon peace with their enemies. The vagueness of Germany's proposal called at most for no more than a conference. We may be sure that in spite of the British premier's speech in King Cambyse's vein, there will be a conference direct or indirect. It is not clear that Germany is unwilling to consider reparation to Belgium and restoration to France of territory now occupied, or that she will refuse to consider disarmament if enemy powers are to disarm as well. The Allies have taken all of Germany's colonies. The Germans are on enemy soil east and west. This is a basis for negotiation. Strictly speaking, the war so far as it has gone is a draw. Neither side has enough advantage to justify an attempt to dictate terms of peace. It is fair to assume that von Bethmann-Hollweg will recede from the full measure of the terms he has in mind, and that Lloyd-George does not mean that there can be only one end to the war—the crushing of Germany. Both men speak with a certain conventional, Pickwickian flourish which wise men discount heavily. Peace will come or soon or late out of this German proposal, and when it comes it will be a peace on terms which we shall see could have been arranged before August, 1914, without the horrible waste of war. This war will end like John Galsworthy's play, "Strife," or it will not end for years, which protraction Heaven forbid. There will be other peace notes and there will be an opportunity for mediation by a powerful neutral. Lloyd-George's reply does not end, is not meant to end, the approaches to peace. Von Bethmann-Hollweg is not spurned, because he really offered nothing, and the world does not believe that Lloyd-George has any intention of standing by his speech as representing the Allies' absolute, non-arbitrable, irreducible minimum. Out of this rather surly and roundabout parley will come the

peace the world hopes for, because the fighting nations are weary of a war that neither side can win.

♦♦

*The Late Hugo Münsterberg*

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG was a psychologist, but when the war came on he succumbed to race emotion, like everybody else. He said some foolish things in the stress of feeling, as did everybody else. Those things may well be forgotten. He will be remembered as an ingenious investigator and analyst of thought-processes, with a gift of attractive presentation. There was a good deal of romanticism in his science. In which he was truly German. And he was a pleasant man to know.

♦♦

*The Immigration Bill*

I SUPPOSE the House will, as the Senate did, pass the bill providing for the restriction of immigration, and President Wilson will veto it as did President Taft before him. The bill is wholly bad. It bars out political refugees. And this is the "asylum for the oppressed." It would even bar out the Americans who have fought in the armies of the present war. It excludes Hindus, no matter how cultured, and, of course, the Japanese. Do we want to invite war with Japan? The literacy test stands, as if literateness were synonymous with goodness of character. Back of the bill is the idea that the exclusion of immigrants will keep up wages. It will not do this for long, if at all. There is no justification for the bill. The way to keep up wages is not by excluding workers, but by opening up the land to the workers. Don't lock-out labor. Unlock land and its natural resources. That is the way to keep the number of jobs in excess of the number of men seeking them. The Immigration bill is un-American. More than that, it is inhuman to shut our doors against the people who may seek here escape from possible repetition of present hellish conditions in Europe and Asia.

♦♦

*A Conundrum*

A YOUNG American who had been fighting in one of the European armies applied recently for a passport. It was denied him on the ground that in entering the foreign army he had forfeited his American citizenship, to which he can be restored only by naturalization. Suppose one of the young men who are now fighting in the armies abroad should be a candidate for President some day. Would he be eligible after having once lost his citizenship, even though born in this country? He would be, even though restored to citizenship, a naturalized citizen. Would his birthright be forfeited?

♦♦

*Proportional Presidential Elections*

It is urged in opposition to the proposal to abolish presidential electors and to vote direct for candidates for president and vice-president, that there would remain a difficulty of some magnitude. With electors abolished, any full suffrage state would have a right to complain of a state with only partial suffrage. For instance, California allows suffrage regardless of sex or race. Her voters could therefore justly complain of Massachusetts, which discriminates against one race, and both California and Massachusetts could justly complain of Virginia, which discriminates against one sex and one race. These discriminations under the electoral college system could not be objected to. A state's electoral quota would be the same, no matter what its suffrage

qualifications. "And then," says my objector, a man prominent in the Washington administration, "the next step would be easier. Choose the electoral college on the basis of proportional representation and there would be little difficulty in substituting an adding machine for the Electoral College phonograph, and when that had been done states of full suffrage would demand full suffrage in all states." So long as there is local disfranchisement we cannot very well change to any plan of direct election of president and vice-president—and keep the election wholly fair—without going to proportional representation.

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#### *If Not Conscription—What?*

ASSUMING that we need an army, how are we to get it, without compulsory military service? Nobody seems to have an answer. The National Guard has "blown up." Neither officers nor men will re-enlist in numbers worth considering. The New York *Evening Post* cites what occurred in Illinois, in the case of the re-enlistments in three regiments of from 2,750 to 3,000 men who were supposed to take the Federal oath for re-enlistment under the Hay act for a period of six years. In the First Infantry, 50 officers and 176 men swore in; in the Second, 49 officers and 322 men; in the Third, 53 officers and 341 men. All the others said, "Never again!" Service on the border has killed militia enthusiasm—or rather the men who took service on the border found they could not serve and take care of their dependents. Enlistment in the regular army had a spurt early last summer, but it has fallen off. It is now "negligible." Now I know what compulsory military service connotes—militarism. And I am no militarist. But if men will not enlist voluntarily in either the National Guard or the regular army, and if we must have an army that will be worth anything in case of need, how are we to get the army without compulsion? With a "scrap" in prospect in Mexico, and after all kinds of preparedness talk, enlistments were but 2,667 men in October, 1916, as against 2,466 in October, 1915, and 3,493 in October, 1911. Recruiting was whooped up tremendously recently. There were hard times in October, 1911. Men won't go into the army in large numbers save in desperation.

It is suggested that the army needs to be turned into a training school for something other than soldiering. Still there would be a lot of discipline and drill and not much money. To all of these conditions the American objects. He thinks an army is a fine thing only for fighting. He does not like regimentation save with excitement of war to relieve it.

Again it is proposed to strengthen the regular army by bringing back the soldiers now in Hawaii, Porto Rico, Alaska, the Philippines, Panama. This looks good, but how about the scheme if we were suddenly to go to war and there were no soldiers to fight the Japanese, let us say, or Great Britain or Germany, who would attack Hawaii, Alaska, the Philippines, Panama or Porto Rico? The answer is that the navy could defend those places; so it could, if it were not smashed; and there is no certainty that only our navy is unsmashable. At present with war likely to break out anywhere, if these "foreign legions" had been called home to protect the Mexican border, what a vast deal of our possessions would have been left unprotected!

Another proposal is to organize a constabulary system as in Pennsylvania or the Philippines—something like the Canadian Northwest mounted police. This would make a nucleus for an army better than the National Guard, it is said. But the constabulary would not be popular if it got to putting down strikes or suppressing lynchings in either the North or the South. And a constabulary would not be much better, as an army, than the National Guard. Then, too, there would be trouble when the constabulary was withdrawn for concentration at coast or border. If the National Guard is to revert to untrammelled state control,

it will never command as much support as it has had in the past. Its "grouch" on the border, its refusal to "stand the gaff" will always count against it. It will be more than ever, in the public mind, a body of "chocolate soldiers." If the members will not re-enlist, the Guard can never be made into an army. And maybe a constabulary would not like such conditions as prevailed on the border, any better than did the militiamen. A police force is not easily turned into an army. And a state constabulary can be made into a strong political machine.

There is no way to get an army and get it soon save by conscription. A volunteer army cannot be had unless it is better paid than the country is now prepared to pay it. As for conscription, the American people surely do not like it any better than do the Australians, and the Australians voted against it, even while their army was doing some of the heaviest fighting for Great Britain. In Great Britain, conscription proceeds slowly and the officials are generous in the matter of exemptions. Compulsory service is not liked in a democracy. Even with conscription an army cannot be quickly made.

Still, if it be true as General Leonard Wood says, that war is coming as certainly as that the sun shines, and if we are not to go in for a Tolstoyan policy of non-resistance to any possible humiliation or aggression, how are we to get an army otherwise than by compulsory military service of all citizens? And, observing all that goes with conscription, what is to become of democracy as we have understood it for at least a century and a quarter?

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#### *No Mail Order Houses Here*

WHY is it that we have not in St. Louis a single mail order house such as those that flourish in New York and Chicago? You should see the carloads of freight from Chicago mail order houses delivered to the post office here for distribution by mail in our trade territory. Is there any real reason why mail order houses cannot be established and successfully conducted here? Has Chicago any inside track on the mails? Has the Business Men's League of St. Louis any answer to these questions?

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#### *To Choke Off Arbitration*

INTIMATIONS are given that railway managers and the brotherhoods of trainmen may reach an agreement as to the eight-hour day law that will result in its being allowed to go into effect uncontested in the courts. The trainmen, probably, will make concessions in order to escape the proposed law for investigation and arbitration prior to a strike. I doubt if these two powers will be permitted to side-track the arbitration legislation by any such agreement. The people generally do not want strikes made unlawful, but they do wish that there should be provision of law for governmental interposition between employers and employes in public services like railroading that will tend to bring matters at issue into such publicity as will enable the public to judge whether a strike is the only way of settling such disputes.

There is no doubt that the eight-hour law can be used in such a way as to give the trainmen the worst of it. Very few labor laws have ever been passed that did not work out against the workers when the interests of the employers suggested the need of applying the law to accomplish the opposite of its intent. The eight-hour law can be obeyed in a way to make it a burden rather than a benefit to labor. For this reason it may be doubted that the railroad managers, after looking closely into the matter, will care to have the eight-hour law repealed. On the other hand, the railroad managers want legislation to prevent sudden strikes, to delay the strike and the boycott, for delay will enable them the better to prepare themselves before the strikes come. It may be that some labor leaders would

prefer to take chances on time and wage adjustments under the eight-hour law that would decrease the men's pay, rather than lose the right to strike at their own sweet will, without submission to governmental inquiry and arbitration. The strike is a remedy against such conformity to the eight-hour law as may make it anything but a wage-increasing ordinance. The right to strike, without official frustration or delay, may well be considered a better weapon than the Adamson law to enforce wage-increases. Of course, all this is purely speculative thus far. But it is very doubtful that all the people, or the congress representing them, will patiently abide anything like an arrangement between the managers and the trainmen that will leave the public unprotected from the effects of great railroad strikes precipitated without public, official examination of the merits of both sides of the disputes.

Powerful as the labor leaders are, they cannot, as it now seems, prevent the passage of the President's proposed arbitration measures. Magnates, whether of Labor or of Capital, cannot secure the repeal of the eight-hour law. Congress will not stultify itself, and the public is no more in favor of nation-wide strikes than it is in favor of removing all restrictions upon such private citizens as may feel like shooting-out their grievances in the public streets. No one denies the right to strike. But the public believes that there should be no strike on the public carrier system of the country until the government has had an opportunity to examine into the causes and suggest an accommodation to prevent the strike. Public opinion must be given a chance to express itself on such matters. And public opinion will prevent many a strike. It will not always go with one side or the other. But the side it goes against will inevitably lose. The trainmen have secured from congress the eight-hour day. They secured it as part of the President's general labor programme with regard to the railroads. If the law works against them it may be amended. If they find that they prefer the unlimited right to strike to the eight-hour day, they will find that the public does not. There are more of the public than there are of the trainmen. Public opinion is pretty strongly in favor of some such method of arbitration or conciliation as has operated to minimize strikes in Canada. Congress is practically committed to the passage of such a measure and congress having passed the eight-hour law for the trainmen, will not relish those trainmen entering into an understanding with the railway managers for an evasion and abrogation of the purposes of the law in consideration of support in an effort to defeat arbitration. As I have said, this is all speculative, based solely upon a recent speech by one of the trainmen's leaders in which he said that the men and the managers would settle their differences on the Adamson act as of yore over a conference table. That is the way we like to see such differences settled, but the whole people are not desirous that when the two parties at the conference table cannot agree they are to go on in the old, bad fashion of fighting out their quarrel in a private war without giving government an opportunity at least to ascertain all the facts and to suggest means of averting the struggle in which the whole public must suffer.

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#### *More Peanut Politics*

GOVERNOR MAJOR has appointed a successor to Edmund Koeln, Collector of Revenue in St. Louis, on the theory that the position is a state office, though on that theory Mr. Koeln was recently re-elected. The appointment is for but a brief time. It has prevented the payment of hundreds of thousands of dollars of this year's taxes. Mr. Koeln is a good public official, one of our very best. The people have declared they want him there, whether as an official of the city or the state. There is no reason for supplanting him other than the governor's

desire to give a Democrat a fat job. And if, as the mayor has contended, the collectorship is a city office, the governor has no right to make the appointment. An important department of government is demoralized and rendered ineffectual by the governor's action. Service is sacrificed for petty politics.

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#### A New Shakespearean Actor

THIS country has now a new Shakespearean actor of note. He is Mr. John E. Kellard. And he is one who will splendidly uphold the tradition. There are not many such actors these days. There were not many in the earlier so-called good old days. Kellard has not suddenly sprouted into Shakespearean stardom. He has come up from the smaller parts and places to an eminence already recognized if not brazenly blazoned, by virtue of hard work and intelligent study. He does not ignore authority or tradition; rather he adapts it to his own conceptions of such mighty roles as *Hamlet*, *Shylock* and *Macbeth*. There is nothing in him of the mere imitator of famous predecessors in such personifications rather than impersonations. Eschewing fustian, he achieves power. The grand manner is held by artistic restraint from lapse into tawdriness. In his readings he misses none of the poetry. He does not become a mere elocutionist. His action has emphasis properly placed, without hyperbole. That his conceptions are intellectual in a high degree is evident to any observer of his art, but the mentality of them does not cool their fine emotionality. Kellard's acting has a patent dignity, but not at the expense of its freedom and spontaneity. In short, Kellard is an artist actor. In the great roles he plainly apprehends them in their wholeness of character, and does not depend for his effects upon concentration upon the high points and purple passages of the play. I have rarely seen a keener *Hamlet* than his. It is the thought and spirit-tortured Dane to the life, in piteous indecision, railing, grieving, raging, mocking the fate he cannot shape. I should say this *Hamlet* is not mad, but sore distraught. The Prince of Denmark is always noble and at heart tender. And such a poet and critic and philosopher. I like the Kellard *Macbeth*, too. It has a heathery wildness and a sturdy villainy once faltering has passed. *Macbeth*, too, is a poet—forget it not. And it is as poet rather than orator that he pours out those impassioned speeches as doom comes upon him, not shadowing him but lighting him in a hell-glare of splendor. In his *Shylock*, Mr. Kellard achieves an effect of beauty—yes, beauty. There is here absolutely nothing of caricature. *Shylock* is not presented as *Antonio*, *Bassanio*, *Gratiano*, *Portia* see him. The old man is not an incarnate money-motive. He is an avenger of his race. His ducats are subsidiary. So apparently is his daughter *Jessica*. He grieves for the loss of her but tears no passion to tatters over it, nor does his memory of *Leah* evoked by the mention of the ring he had of her when he was a bachelor, move him to maudlin mouthing. This *Shylock* is never contemptible in his hatred of these Christians. He stands for his bond which, if it be denied, will impeach the integrity of Venice. His idea of law is Mosaic, as of necessity it should be. And in his intensity, which never quite becomes ferocity, there is no note of that effeminateness of rage which weakens its effectiveness. The Jew is alert, he is, comparatively, patient in the trial scene. He has character that asserts itself as more and better than its seeming in the situation in which he is placed. And when he is undone, when he departs, the victim of a rank injustice, he carries with him the sympathy of the audience. This is the triumph of this play. *Shylock* is a man with a mind warped by persecution, but with a fine mind none the less, and with an unfailing quality of somewhat damaged grandeur. He has a majesty, one might say, and that majesty not disparaged by his defeat. Mr. Kellard, therefore, gives us something in Shakespearean acting we have not often seen or heard before. And the lines are enunciated so that no most delicate meaning is missed by his auditors.

Better Shakespearean reading than his and his company's I have never heard. Of his support there is this to say, that it is adequate. All the actors know their Shakespeare and are at home with him. Of the leading lady, Miss Khyva St. Albans, there is to be affirmed that she will be a splendid Shakespearean actress when she shall have some more experience. She has a lovely voice and lovely eyes. She speaks with a preciseness that is not at war with ease. She understands the mimetics of feeling, and can give the effect wonderfully save when her limitations of physical strength prevent. She is frail of figure but vibrant and mistress of graciousness. She keeps to a key accordant with Mr. Kellard's quietness of method, and she does illude the hearer and beholder. To such of my readers as care for Shakespeare on the stage, I recommend that they do not miss Mr. Kellard and the company—not subdued by ornament—that appears at the Shubert-Garrick theater this week. They will find such acting as will realize for them a Shakespeare quite other than has too often passed for stage greatness by dint of mere mouthing and stamping. Mr. Kellard's playing challenges comparison with the very best that I at least have known.

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#### Boston Stays Wet

BOSTON went galumphously wet at a special election Tuesday, in spite of the grand drive made by the dries under the mountebank leadership of Billy Sunday. The result is a splendid rebuke to fantastic fanaticism and violent intolerance. It is not a victory for liquor, but for civilized liberalism. This thing of a lot of oreide moralists attempting to run a community on the theory that every person who takes a drink is a fool or a criminal has probably been checked by the Boston election. Prohibition has some slight ethical force back of it, but mostly it is a fad of people with only half-baked intelligence. No sound thinkers favor coercion into morality, persecution into righteousness. There is not a first-class mind in the United States on the side of prohibition as against regulation. If the prohibitionists have their way there is no assurance that they will not proceed to such legislation in other matters as may constitute persecution little less violent than those of Diocletian or Good Queen Bess or Bloody Mary. It is to be hoped that Boston's vote indicates a recession of the dry wave. Prohibition is in the way of all real, necessary social, economic and political reforms. It is a false cry of "Stop, thief!" that helps the real thieves get away. A crusade against liquor is always sprung about the time the people are about to do something that will really hurt the predatory interests. The churches are made the instrument for stopping reforms that are really worth while, when their energies and enthusiasm are enlisted in the prohibition cause. When will the preachers cease to be fooled by demagogues into wasting their effort and influence on a proposal to make men good by law, when the only way to make men good is to afford them opportunity to labor with assurance that they shall enjoy the full fruit of their labor? If the churches would put into effort for the abolition of poverty the same intensity they put into preaching prohibition, they would bring about a condition that would automatically minimize the evil of using liquor in excess.

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#### The Governor and the Deficit

IT is a condition and not a theory that Governor-elect Gardner must deal with in the matter of the deficiency of state revenue. The money to run the state must be had and had quickly. Expediency counts more than anything else in an emergency, though an expedient in taxation that is rankly unjust will not be tolerated. A fact that cannot be dodged is the disinclination of legislators to put taxes on the farmer. There is little hope of an immediate equalization of taxation that will get

what should be got from the many counties where the assessed valuations are ridiculously low. It may be that other members of the Board of Equalization will be as fearless of political consequences as Governor Gardner, who wants no other office, in dealing with the evasion of proper taxation by the counties, but I doubt it. The other members may be seeking re-election. It will be a hard fight and one too long to wait on, to secure the separation of the sources of state and local taxation. The governor will probably go after the people who plainly have money, for his revenue. The corporations will be tapped, though they will make loud moan. Business is pretty heavily taxed as things are and cannot stand much more. Heavier burdens may be placed on the liquor business, already facing possible annihilation. A mortgage recording tax that will produce goodly sums is inevitable. Then there are the inheritance taxes that suggest themselves. But a means of getting money quickly that we may be sure will not be overlooked is an income tax. The state can levy such a tax on the basis of the returns made on income to the Federal government. Such measures, however, are only stop-gaps. The whole taxation system must be revised in the light of the newer economic truth. Three state tax commissions have indicated how the revision should proceed in the direction of an equitable distribution of the incidence of taxation not only as between the political divisions of the commonwealth but as between the parasites who should pay for what they get without production and the producers who should not be fined for creating wealth that is absorbed by those who contribute nothing to taxable values. Governor Gardner will doubtless get his immediate revenues in some ways that will not accord with true ethics of taxation, but he can do nothing better in the way of getting the state's taxation system on an approximately sound basis than follow the advice of such tax-authorities as Prof. Isidor Loeb of Missouri State University, and Mr. Frederick N. Judson, both of whom have served on tax commissions that have recommended a big advance in the direction of a system of taxation that is at once rational and natural.

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#### This Mayor and the Next

AGAIN I would remind St. Louisans that we will elect a mayor next April and we should begin now to consider the question of candidates for that office. Discussion of the subject in time will do much to make sure that the practical politicians will not be able to foist upon the party tickets candidates whose availability consists in nothing but their amenability to machine control. I have no candidate. Especially I am not concerned to discredit the present incumbent, as some people suppose. I don't indorse everything that Mayor Kiel has done or has not done. But he has been no dub mayor. He has fulfilled most of the pledges upon which he was elected. He furthered the completion of the municipal bridge, increased the playground and park space, helped secure universal street car transfers and extension of lines, reduction of water rates, the building of the "zoo," greater use of school buildings, the eight-hour day and standard wages for city employes, helped to the adoption of a new city charter, pushed the collection of the mill tax from the street railways and the repeal of the Southern Traction franchise. That is a good record against which there is not as much offset as some of the mayor's opponents imagine. Mayor Kiel is fought in his own party on ground creditable to him, but in meeting that fight he has made the mistake of doing so on grounds as unworthy as those of his enemies. He is not the perfect mayor and does not claim to be. He is perhaps too much of a politician for reformers and too much of a reformer for politicians. But good as his record may be he is not the only man for the job. There must be others. St. Louisans must not let the mayoralty go by default to the politicians. They should look about to discover

if there be not a better man for the place than Henry Kiel or than any of the men Democratic and Republican politicians are now plotting to put in his place.

♦♦♦♦

## Christmas Interior

By William Rose Benet

**A**S I look up, the cigarette-smoke hangs above my hand

Like a flurried web of gossamer,  
And then is a twine of dim violet threads writhing  
and blowing into spirals and whorls.

Directly before me the glass chimney of a squat  
brass lamp,

With a latticed brown wicker shade over orange  
silk,

Flickers silver, stabs upward with its high-lights  
Under a steel-engraving

Of "The Passing Regiment," of a street in Paris  
Mournful with snow and rain—

Drizzle on many umbrellas and surging drums.

The drain-plate of the kitchen sink is striking notes  
Liquid and flat, much like the sound of a bell

Covered by the hand that shakes it:  
Little notes, metronomic, changing in measure;

A purling run,

A pause,

A sober, staid succession,

A pony-trot;

A fall of tiny minted metal with no after-ring.

I look to the left where my wife writes at the desk.  
Her pen whispers and rustles with kindly confidences.

She turns her head, gazes off, and twists around  
To smile at me over her shoulder.

Upstairs our two-year-old boy is talking in ripples  
And broken chants and beguiling intonations.

Then his feet make a muffled fusillade of small  
sound down the hall.

He shouts and orates.

The cook's voice murmurs and croons to him.

She is a motherly woman,

Ample and slow and soft-hearted

With a Swedish sense of humor

I see through the dining-room door the Christmas-  
littered table—

The red gold-broidered cloth of the baby's white  
gift elephant

Whose bulk seems from this distance of carven  
granite—

The yellow paper candle-shades and the brown  
tapa-cloth in the corner

That slim brown alien hands have burnt with lines  
and designs

Like dark fallen leaves in a furrow.

The white hall window-curtain looks like a film of  
frost

Over the lattice dividing the pane into diamonds.

Between the gilt and silver paper chains

Red paper roses on the portiere poles

Hang like the slow blood dripping from a wound

To-night we shall have a dinner of many delectable  
things,

With love in our hearts and laughter,

With glass and cutlery glittering in the candle-light.

The rustle of tissue, the pomp of red and green

And gold and silver ribbons, and smiling cards,

Will hang our sleep with tinsel.

But the paper roses are eidolons,

A red unwithering gallantry fluttering through the  
heart—

Blood of our slain and yet unslayable dreams!

## Thrift

By Bolton Hall

This is a chapter from Mr. Hall's book, "Thrift," which is published this week by B. W. Heubsch, New York. It is no Samuel Smiles book. It does not preach John D. Rockefeller's saving gospel of taking care of the pennies. Nor does it tell you how to live on empty cents a day, or how to make a fortune in Wall Street. "Wealth," says Mr. Hall, "is merely well-being. There is enough for all, and it is possible for each to get his share." He appeals to "the tired business man, especially to the busy men who are tired of listening to what they don't believe and paying for what they don't get." It points the way to Bobby Burns' "glorious privilege of being independent." The essence of the book is distilled into this bit of dialogue: "What must I do to be saved?" asked the Politician.

"Get hold of the hands of Monopoly," said Profit.

"What must I do to be saved?" asked the Dollar.

"Get into the hands of Monopoly," said Profit.

"What must I do to be saved?" asked the Man.

"Get out of the hands of Monopoly," said Profit.

"What must I do to be saved?" cried the Soul.

"Give yourself to your brethren. Lose yourself," said Profit.

**F**INE old moss-covered business men used to cut open all the envelopes and use the insides for scribbling paper. I have seen a pile of such envelopes myself, not in a museum or in the freak tent of a circus, but in the counting house of a millionaire—the old boy must have been a little miracle all by himself to have got rich in spite of such extravagances as that. If someone would give us all his old envelopes nicely cut and stacked, modern people would be too wise to take the time to sell them for waste paper.

Such a thing would stamp a business man as petty and cheese-paring. It does not even pay to use a little scrap of paper to make a calculation on. If you have to extend that calculation or recopy it, or if you lose it because it is little, the time lost would pay for fifty sheets of decent pad-paper.

We are always adjured, by those who do not need to save, to skip and avoid all needless expenditures.

The ideal principles inculcated by these thrift-tooters are directly opposed to the object of nearly all business push and of all advertising. To be consistent, these thrifty brethren should begin by discouraging all advertising of automobiles, joy-cars, phonographs, theaters, cigars, even the economical stogy, candy and especially the fleeting joys of the sense, such as music, movies and millinery.

What a joke it is to set newspapers, which are paid to make readers buy goods, to publishing editorials proving that if nobody bought anything but oatmeal and specked apples and khaki clothes we would all be rich—at least if we hand our money over to the bank. Then the bank should lodge itself economically in a factory-front building. But what it would do with the money if no one spent anything except for hash and corduroy, does not appear.

We are always hearing from the economical rich about the wastefulness of the poor; naturally, there is plenty of waste everywhere, just as where there are lots of chestnuts there are lots of burrs; that's nature's way; to produce abundantly and to take little care of what becomes of what she brings forth.

American people do waste a lot of things that they might better save; all the same the great success of Americans has been largely due to throwing aside poor material and old tools and spending their high-priced time upon the best. Our time is the most valuable of any time on earth and an hour of ours produces more than a day of the cheap labor.

System saves time; if it does not, then the waste basket yawns for your system. Sufficient ought to be spelled s-y-s-f-i-c-i-e-n-t, to show the part that system plays to efficiency. Little things count more than big ones, a loose-leaf, pocket-memorandum-book, with a fountain-pen that will write—there are some which really write—also a desk file indexed for the days and with the month heading movable, so that what has to be done Thursday will present

itself to you on that day! It is the prophet file, because it tells what will come to pass.

These and a card system are enough for most people who can't keep a clerk to run a "system." Most people don't think about them. If you have much dictation to do, a clerk with a dictaphone will help greatly.

Every possible improvement should be known and considered instead of being ignored until it forces its way into use. Instead of the ready excuse, when a new thing comes out elsewhere, that it is not applicable to our conditions, it should be made applicable. As long as a man is satisfied that he has nothing more to learn he will learn nothing more, but when he realizes that he is not yet the master of the accumulated knowledge of the world on his subject he will progress.

This lesson must be learned after he leaves school.

There is nothing more wasteful of money, of health, and of time than our ways of education, where we devote six years of young life to Latin and the victim can neither write, speak, nor even read it at "graduation." A college is generally a cross between an orphan asylum and a country club. Academies are worse because there is less liberty. Nevertheless, send your children to school; the boys will educate them. Go with them yourself and they will educate you too—if you don't look out.

Old John Swinton's principle of "first things first" begins with the first principles of liberty applied to the play-time education of the child; all of children's time should be play-time. Play is Mother Nature's school. Play-work is the idea in the Organic Culture School of Fairhope, Alabama, and of Miss Caroline Pratt's Playhouse School of New York, and the Ferrer Schools, as well as in Froebel's own form of the kindergarten. We have made kindergarten play into work and "a curriculum"—a curriculum is a little place where you go around and around and get nowhere.

Michelet's saying that "No consecrated absurdity could have stood its ground, if the man had not silenced the objections of the child," is as true of secular as of religious thought; and the Montessori method is to avoid all such domination over the mind and the actions of the child—to let him learn, as he loves to do, instead of wearying him with teaching. The results in the automatic attainment of "the three R's" are most surprising.

Ben Franklin said, "Put your money into your head"—meaning to spend money and time, some of which is money, to learn. I would add to that, if I were an editor, put your money into your legs by buying a motor car, and into your hands by getting a dictaphone. Also put some into your stomach by buying a fireless cooker and prepared "hand me downs," foods that save fuel and time and temper. Fifty-seven varieties of them.

Then, lest the coal man be offended, I'd add that it pays to take trouble and cash to make yourself and your wife comfortable. Don't live in cold rooms. Get the best heater and gas stove and range and washing machine and patent dough-kneader and fireless cooker and pneumatic sweeper. The heat wasted in a range gets into the cook's temper. Get acquainted with your wife before she is worn out. You will find that she is better employed as a help-mate to you than in scrubbing floors because she has no mop. Even if the floor is not quite so clean as if she had scrubbed it, she will be cleaner and will have more time to attend to you. You probably need it.

What you really need, you pay for, whether you get it or not; because it costs more to do without a thing that you ought to have than it does to pay for it.

Short of the abolition of special privilege there is no escape for the people from present hard conditions; but each of us can achieve a certain individual independence by producing for ourselves the most of what we and our neighbors must have in order to live at all—the fruits of the soil.

The green earth is the only sure refuge from blue

envelopes, black Fridays, and red ruin. Those who pray for their daily bread to an employer instead of to the All-Giver may break the bonds that tie them to "things as they are" by the return to our mother earth.

The well-to-do and the poor suffer alike from the high prices; they suffer alike from the scarcity of employment. "There is no poverty like the poverty of gentlefolks." We must intelligently attack both these causes of poverty.

But what is poverty? Poverty is lack of wealth—(that sounds like a dictionary). All wealth comes from land by labor; therefore application of labor to land should and would produce wealth enough for all. To help people to help themselves is the only charity worthy of the name. The most effective way to relieve poverty is to get the people to the land.

New York, with all its wealth and productive power, cannot be said to be truly thrifty, for it has more than three thousand overworked charity organizations, and more overcrowded jails, more police interference and regulations, more white plague centers, more infant mortality, more involuntary idleness, than there ought to be in ten of our greatest cities. That is due more to the innumerable and wrong objects of government than to its efficiency.

The object of government, and its only true foundation, is to secure the liberty of the citizen. It is founded on the delegated right of self-defense and this defense must include defense against those things which are monopolies.

Someone says, "Why not tax those monopoly privileges?" The answer is, "Why give these monopoly privileges?" Taxation of special privileges which we have granted should be only the weapon by the use of which we can get them at a fair price and by which we can realize and practice the maxim that there is no property in privilege.

One of our main troubles is that we haven't caught on to the fact that taxes are simply payment for social services. Another trouble is that we have no idea that it is possible to measure exactly the value of social service or to obtain from each individual his just and proper share of the cost of it. Still another trouble is that we and our tax-laying authorities have failed to realize the vital importance of the "incidence of taxation"—that is, on what part of the body politic taxation falls.

We all have to buy social service, community service; that is, we have to pay for what our local and state authorities do for us. We have to buy this service the same as any other necessity of life, but we are not allowed to appraise it, to say how much of it we are getting, what it is worth to us, or how much we shall pay for it. Taxation is simply collecting pay for community service, and under present systems it is a hit-or-miss proceeding, falling like the rain, indeed, upon the just and upon the unjust, but, unlike the rain, usually sprinkling the unjust lightly but washing the starch out of the just.

You must do one of two things; you must take for public uses incomes which individuals have earned, or else take income which the community itself has earned. Which will you do?

Will you take private property for social use, restrict trade and commerce, check industries, and deny the poor man all opportunity to employ himself on the land if he is not satisfied with the job he can get? Or will you take public incomes for the public use, and by that very act open the reservoir of land to the use of labor and capital?

We must begin by knowing what we want and how to get it, not by working hard, but by thinking hard, so as to work easily. We shall find that there is much in society and in things as they are that we can't cure; we cannot give reform like a dose of medicine to anyone, nor to society. We must direct our powers so as to make others help us, for our good and for theirs.

If thrift makes home rich but miserable, it has not improved the home. If efficiency produces more goods and less happiness than before, its products are not goods, but evils.

## The Song of the Civic League

By Yorick

As housewives drive from room to room  
The husband with the cleansing broom,  
So we will chase from place to place,  
And strive to scrub the city's face.  
We'll gild the lily, paint the rose,  
And censor moving-picture shows.  
In time perhaps we may impart  
To billboards just a touch of Art.  
We'll undermine—like busy moles  
The telegraph and trolley poles;  
And then, of course, we'll stick around  
Till all the wires are underground.  
We'll rally to the women-folk  
In their campaign to banish smoke;  
And when these little jobs are done  
We'll start again where we begun.

We cannot rest—we mustn't cease.  
For us there's no such thing as Peace.  
It's our affair to make the mayor  
Turn somersaults and tear his hair;  
Perchance if it were not for us  
He'd be a very happy cuss.  
But after all, it's lots of fun  
To keep His Honor on the run.  
We haunt the Board of Aldermen  
And beard the Tolkaez in his den.  
We make the Public Service Board  
Sigh for the Psychopathic ward,  
And in the midst of storm and strife  
We gaily sing, "This is the life."

If trolley cars were always warm  
Some other thing would need reform.  
Maybe you'd think our task complete  
If you and I could get a seat;  
Not so, not so: we mustn't stop.  
We're very like the traffic cop,  
Whose single aim, whose only notion  
Is just to keep the mass in motion.

We strive to purge our politics  
Of motives mean and shady tricks,  
And keep alight the lamp of truth  
To guide the steps of callow youth.  
But if the price of gas is high  
We raise an awful hue and cry.

At times we urge the holy cause  
Of less benighted housing laws.  
One day we splash for public pools;  
The next demand more grammar schools.  
And then again, our purpose dutiful  
Seems to achieve the City Beautiful.

We spring the Preferential Vote  
To get the foxy grafter's goat;  
We prick the bubble reputation  
With all the zeal of Carrie Nation.  
We spill the beans, we bay the moon  
And jangle sweet bells out of tune.  
The Christmas spirit cuts no ice;  
We're not for Peace at any price.

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## Culture in the "Enc. Brit."

IV. MODERN DRAMA

By Willard Huntington Wright

PARTICULAR importance attaches to the manner in which the modern drama is treated in "The Encyclopædia Britannica," for to-day there exists a deep and intimate interest in this branch of literature—an interest which is greater and more far-reaching than during any other period of modern times. Especially is this true in the United States. During the past fifteen years study in the history, art and technique of the stage has spread into almost every quarter of the country. The printed play has come back into favor; and there is scarcely a publisher of any note on whose lists do not appear many works of dramatic literature. Dramatic and stage societies have been formed everywhere, and there is an increasing demand for productions of the better-class plays. Perhaps no

other one branch of letters holds so conspicuous a place in our culture.

The drama itself during the last quarter of a century has taken enormous strides. After a period of stagnant mediocrity, a new vitality has been fused into this art. In Germany, France, England, and America many significant dramatists have sprung into existence. The literature of the stage has taken a new lease on life, and in its ranks are numbered many of the finest creative minds of our day. Furthermore, a school of capable and serious critics has developed to meet the demands of the new work; and already there is a large and increasing library of books dealing with the subject from almost every angle.

Therefore, because of this renaissance and the widespread interest attaching to it, we should expect to find in "The Encyclopædia Britannica"—that "supreme book of knowledge," that "complete library" of information—a full and comprehensive treatment of the modern drama. The claims made in the advertising of the "Britannica" would lead one immediately to assume that so important and universally absorbing a subject would be set forth adequately. The drama has played, and will continue to play, a large part in our modern intellectual life; and, in an educational work of the alleged scope and completeness of this encyclopædia, it should be accorded careful and liberal consideration.

But in this department, as in others equally important, "The Encyclopædia Britannica" fails inexcusably. I have carefully inspected its dramatic information, and its inadequacy left me with a feeling which fell little short of amazement. Not only is the modern drama given scant consideration, but those comparatively few articles which deal with it are so inept and desultory that no correct idea of the development of modern dramatic literature can be obtained. As in the encyclopædia's other departments of modern æsthetic culture, the work of Great Britain is accorded an abnormally large amount of space, while the work of other nations is—if mentioned at all—dismissed with comparatively few words. The British drama, like the British novel and British painting, is exaggerated, both through implication and direct statement, out of all proportion to its inherent significance. Many of the truly great and important dramatists of foreign countries are omitted entirely in order to make way for minor and inconsequent Englishmen; and the few towering figures from abroad who are given space draw only a few lines of biographical mention, whereas second-rate British writers are accorded long and minutely specific articles.

Furthermore, the encyclopædia reveals the fact that in a great many instances it has not been brought up to date. As a result, even when an alien dramatist has found his way into the exclusive British circle whose activities dominate the æsthetic departments of the "Britannica," one does not have a complete record of his work. This failure to revise adequately old material and to make the information as recent as the physical exigencies of book-making would permit, results no doubt in the fact that even the more recent and important English dramatists have suffered the fate of omission along with their less favored confrères from other countries. Consequently, the dramatic material is not only biased but is inadequate from the British standpoint as well.

As a reference book on the modern drama, either for students or the casual reader, "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is practically worthless. Its information is old and prejudiced, besides being flagrantly incomplete. I could name a dozen books on the modern drama which do not pretend to possess the comprehensiveness and authenticity claimed by the "Britannica," and yet which are far more adequate, both in extent and modernity of subject-matter, and of vastly superior educational value. The limited information which has actually found its way into this encyclopædia is marked by incompetency, prejudice, and carelessness; and its large

number of indefensible omissions renders it almost useless as a reference work on modern dramatic literature.

In the general article on the "Drama" we have a key to the entire treatment of the subject throughout the encyclopædia's twenty-seven volumes. The English drama is given forty-one columns. The French drama is given fifteen columns; the German drama, nine; the Scandinavian drama, one; and the Russian drama, one-third of a column! The American drama is not even given a separate division but is included under the English drama, and occupies less than one column! In the division on the Scandinavian drama, Strindberg's name is not mentioned; and the reader is supplied with the antiquated, early-Victorian information that Ibsen's "Ghosts" is "repellent." In the brief passage on the Russian drama almost no idea is given of its subject; in fact, no dramatist born later than 1808 is mentioned! When we consider the wealth of the modern Russian drama and its influence on the theater of other nations, even of England, we can only marvel at such utter inadequacy and neglect.

In the sub-headings of "recent" drama under "Drama," "Recent English Drama" is given over twelve columns, while "Recent French Drama" is given but a little over three. There is no subdivision for recent German drama, but mention is made of it in a short paragraph under "English Drama" with the heading: "Influences of Foreign Drama!" Regard this distribution of space for a moment. The obvious implication is that the more modern English drama is four times as important as the French; and yet for years the entire inspiration of the English stage came from France, and certain English "dramatists" made their reputations by adapting French plays. And what of the more modern German drama? It is of importance, evidently, only as it had an influence on the English drama! Could self-complacent insularity go further? Even in its capacity as a mere contribution to British genius, the recent German drama, it seems, is of little moment; and Sudermann counts for naught. In the entire article on "Drama" his name is not so much as mentioned! Such is the transcendent and superlative culture of "The Encyclopædia Britannica!"

Turning to the biographies, we find that British dramatists, when mentioned at all, are treated with cordial liberality. T. W. Robertson is given nearly three-fourths of a column with the comment that "his work is notable for its masterly stage-craft, wholesome and generous humor, bright and unstrained dialogue, and high dramatic sense of human character in its theatrical aspects." H. J. Byron is given over half a column. W. S. Gilbert draws no less than a column and three-fourths. G. R. Sims gets twenty-two lines. Sydney Grundy is accorded half a column. James M. Barrie is given a column and a half, an equal amount of space with George Bernard Shaw. Pinero is given two-thirds of a column; and Henry Arthur Jones half a column. Jones, however, might have had more space had the encyclopædia's editor gone to the simple trouble of extending that playwright's biography beyond 1904; but on this date it ends, with the result that there appears no mention of "The Heroic Stubbs," "The Hypocrites," "The Evangelist," "Dolly Reforms Himself," or "The Knife"—all of which were produced before this supreme, up-to-date and informative encyclopædia went to press.

Oscar Wilde, a man who revolutionized English drama and who was unquestionably one of the important figures in modern English letters, is given a little over a column, less space than Shaw, Barrie, or Gilbert. In much of his writing there was, we learn, "an undertone of rather nasty suggestion," and after leaving prison "he was necessarily an outcast from decent circles." Also, "it is still impossible to take a purely objective view of Oscar Wilde's work,"—that is to say, literary judgment cannot be passed without recourse to morality. Here is an actual confession by the editor himself (for he contributed the article on Wilde) of the accusa-

tion I have made against the "Britannica." A great artist, according to this encyclopædia's criterion, is a respectable artist, one who preaches and practices an inoffensive suburbanism. But when the day comes—if it ever does—when the editor of "The Encyclopædia Britannica," along with other less prudish and less delicate critics, can regard Wilde's work apart from personal prejudice, perhaps Wilde will be given the consideration he deserves—a consideration far greater, we hope, than that accorded Barrie and Gilbert.

Greater inadequacy than that revealed in Wilde's biography is to be found in the fact that Synge has no biography whatever in the "Britannica!" Nor has St. John Hankin. Nor Granville Barker. Nor Lady Gregory. Nor Richard Middleton. Nor Galsworthy. The biographical omission of such important names as these can hardly be due to the editor's opinion that they are not deserving of mention, for lesser English dramatic names of the preceding generation are given liberal space. The fact that these writers do not appear can be attributed only to the fact that "The Encyclopædia Britannica" has not been properly brought up to date—a fact substantiated by an abundance of evidence throughout the entire work. Of what possible value to one interested in the modern drama is a reference library which contains no biographical mention of such significant figures as these?

The French drama suffers even more from incompleteness and scantiness of material. Becque draws just eleven lines, exactly half the space given to the British playwright whose reputation largely depends on that piece of sentimental clap-trap, "Lights o' London." Hervieu draws half a column of biography, in which his two important dramas, "Modestie" and "Connais-Toi" (both out before the "Britannica" went to press), are not mentioned. Curot is given sixteen lines; Lavedan, fourteen lines, in which not all of even his best work is noted; Maurice Donnay, twenty lines, with no mention of "La Patronne" (1908); Lemaitre, a third of a column; Rostand, half a column, less space than is accorded the cheap, slap-stick humorist from Manchester, H. J. Byron; Capus, a third of a column; Porto-Riche, thirteen lines; and Brieux twenty-six lines. In Brieux's very brief biography there is no record of "La Française," "Simone," "Suzette," or "La Foi." Henri Bernstein does not have even a biographical mention.

Maeterlinck's biography runs only to a column and a third, and the last work of his to be mentioned is dated 1903, since which time the article has apparently not been revised! Therefore, if you depend for information on this biography in "The Encyclopædia Britannica," you will find no record of "Soeur Béatrice," "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," "L'Oiseau Bleu," or "Maria Magdalène."

Crossing over into Germany and Austria one may look in vain for any indication of the wealth of dramatic material and the great number of important dramatic figures which have come from these two countries. Of all the recent German and Austrian dramatists of note, only two are so much as given biographical mention, and these two—Sudermann and Hauptmann—are treated with a brevity and inadequacy which, to my knowledge, are without a parallel in any modern reference work on the subject. Hauptmann and Sudermann receive just twenty-five lines each, less space than is given to Sydney Grundy, Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, T. W. Robertson, H. J. Byron; and less than a third of the space given to Shaw and W. S. Gilbert! Even Sims is given nearly as much space. In these comparisons alone is discernible a chauvinism of almost incredible narrowness. But the biographies themselves emphasize this patriotic prejudice even more than does the brevity of space.

In Sudermann's biography, which apparently ends in 1904, no mention whatever is made of such important works as "Das Blumenboot," "Rosen," "Strandkinder," and "Das Hohe Lied" ("The Song of Songs"), all of which appeared before the encyclopædia was printed. But what of Hauptmann,

perhaps the greatest and most important figure in dramatic literature of this and the last generation? After a brief record of the facts in Hauptmann's life we read: "Of Hauptmann's subsequent work mention may be made of"—and then the names of a few of his plays are set down. In the phrase, "mention may be made of," is summed up the critic's narrow viewpoint. And in that list it was thought unnecessary to mention "Schluck und Jan," "Michael Kramer," "Der Arme Heinrich," "Elga," "Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg," "Kaiser Karl's Geisel," and "Griselda!" Since all of these appeared in ample time to be included, it would, I believe, have occurred to an unprejudiced critic that mention *might* have been made of them. In fact, all the circumstantial evidence points to the supposition that had Hauptmann been an Englishman, not only would they have been mentioned, but they would have been praised as well. As it is, there is no criticism of Hauptmann's work and no indication of his greatness, despite the fact that he is almost universally conceded to be a more important figure than any of the modern English playwrights who are given greater space and favorably criticised.

With such insufficient and glaringly prejudiced treatment of giants like Sudermann and Hauptmann, it is not at all surprising that not one other figure in German and Austrian recent dramatic literature should have a biography. For instance, there is no biography of Schnitzler, Arno Holz, Max Halbe, Ludwig Fulda, Georg Hartleben, Max Dreyer, Ernst Hardt, Hirschfeld, Ernst Rosmer, Karl Schönherr, Hermann Bahr, Richard Beer-Hoffmann, Roda Roda, Johannes Schlaf, or Wedekind. Although every one of these names should be included in some informative manner in an encyclopædia as large as the "Britannica," and one which makes so lavish a claim for its educational completeness, the omission of several of them may be excused on the grounds that, in the haste of the encyclopædia's editors to commercialize their cultural wares, they did not have sufficient time to take cognizance of the more recent of these dramatists. Since the editors have overlooked men like Galsworthy and Synge from their own country, we can at least acquit them of the charge of snobbish patriotism in several of the present instances of wanton oversight.

In the cases of Schnitzler, Hartleben and Wedekind, however, no excuse can be offered. The work of these men, though recent, had gained for itself so important a place in the modern world before the encyclopædia went to press, that to ignore them biographically was an act of either wanton carelessness or extreme ignorance. The former would appear to furnish the explanation, for under "Drama" there is evidence that the editors knew of Schnitzler's and Wedekind's existence. But, since the *Überbrettl* movement is given only seven lines, it would, under the circumstances, hardly be worth one's while to consult "The Encyclopædia Britannica" for information on the modern drama in Germany and Austria.

Even so, one would learn more of the drama in those countries than one could possibly learn of the drama of the United States. To be sure, no great significance attaches to our stage literature, but since this encyclopædia is being foisted upon us and we are asked to buy it in preference to all others, it would have been well within the province of its editors to give the hundred of thousands of American readers a little enlightenment concerning their own drama.

The English, of course, have no interest in our institutions—save only our banks—and consistently refuse to attribute either competency or importance to our writers. They would prefer that we accept *their* provincial and mediocre culture and ignore entirely our own æsthetic struggles toward an individual expression. But all Americans do not find intellectual contentment in this paternal and protecting British attitude; and those who are interested in our native drama and who have paid money for the "Britannica" on the strength of its

exorbitant and unsustainable claims, have just cause for complaint in the scanty and contemptuous way in which American letters are treated.

As I have already noted, the American drama is embodied in the article on the "English Drama," and is given less space than a column. Under "American Literature" there is nothing concerning the American stage and its writers; nor is there a single biography in the entire encyclopædia of an American dramatist! If you desire any information concerning the development of the American theater, or wish to know any details about James A. Herne, Augustin Daly, Bronson Howard, Charles Hoyt, Steel MacKaye, Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, or Charles Klein, you will have to go to a source other than "The Encyclopædia Britannica."

By way of explaining this neglect of all American culture I will quote from a recent advertisement of the Britannica. "We Americans," it says, in a most intimate and condescending manner, "have had a deep sense of self-sufficiency. We haven't had time or inclination to know how the rest of the world lived. But now we *must* know." And let it be said for "The Encyclopædia Britannica" that it has done all in its power to discourage us in this self-sufficiency.

[Next week Mr. Wright will "show up" the treatment of "Poetry," and more particularly American poetry, in "The Encyclopædia Britannica."—THE EDITOR.]

♦♦♦♦

## Holding the Line

FROM THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By Austin Macauley

Lieut.-Surgeon, B. E. F.

OUR period of rest in billets came to an end and once again we had to take our places in the line. My battalion, however, was to be in a reserve position behind the front lines and were to hold themselves in readiness in case of necessity.

The little town where we billeted was within easy reach of the enemy guns but they did not trouble us during our period of rest outside the trenches, and as we marched away we felt sorry to leave the place. The distance to the trenches was short but not without many points of interest on the way. The fields were well—in fact intensely—cultivated, and one was impressed with the personnel of the laborers—old men and boys; women and girls; but not a man of military age except perhaps a cripple. A ruined church or a ruined shrine held the attention for a moment, and then a soldiers' cemetery enlisted all your sympathy. The rows and rows of little white crosses all told the same story: "Killed in Action," on a certain date and the three letters, "R. I. P." finished the tale. The graves were tended by old soldiers and a careful register kept. It is the least that a grateful country can do for the men who gave their lives in its cause. I cantered across some fields and a little white cross here and there spoke thus to the passer-by: "In loving memory of an unknown British soldier;" "In loving memory of a French civilian;" "In memory of a German soldier." I was soon passing through our artillery emplacements and a solitary shell passed on its message to the enemy now and again and sometimes a salvo cut a tunnel through the still atmosphere and the death knells of dying men seemed to echo down that tunnel. On nearing the trenches there were no civilians to be seen, the villages and farmsteads were wrecked and empty—no, not empty, for the cats remained—and many gaunt ruins spoke of happy homes before madness seized Europe. The fields were unkempt and the corn of last year having remained uncut sprung up again in a patchy and weedy manner and presented a picture of desolation and decay.

We reached our positions late in the afternoon and made a farmhouse our headquarters. We found sleeping accommodation in other ruined

farms and "dugouts" in the vicinity. My abode was a "dugout" in an orchard alongside our headquarters. It was covered with sandbags and bricks and was proof against shrapnel or other shells except high explosives. The floor was rudely paved and a bedstead consisting of a rough, rectangular frame covered with rabbit netting and resting on four wooden stumps, completed the furniture. With an army blanket I felt quite comfortable under the circumstances, as I could sleep soundly without fear of the usual shells sent over by the enemy. My surroundings were picturesque, although unkempt, and the apple and pear trees were laden with fruit. The summer evening was beautiful and calm except when the big guns disturbed the peace. An odd enemy shell crashed into the fields and gardens in the vicinity adding one more crater to the many already there.

Having dined at our mess at headquarters, one or two officers and myself retired to our "dugouts" and were enjoying a quiet pipe about nightfall when the artillery on both sides seemed to waken up into a frenzied energy. The earth trembled with the bursting of high explosives and our sector was lit up with the flashes of bursting shells. We thought it was the usual evening "Hymn of Hate" with a little more than the usual hate added, but we were soon apprised that there was something serious going on in front of us for the order came to "Stand to!" The men paraded and everyone prepared to move into the trenches at five minutes' notice. Shells were coming dangerously close to us and we took cover in the "dugouts." About twenty men were pressed into my domicile and after a while the air became exhausted.

A poor little swallow who had built its nest in the roof became excited and, leaving its nest, flew about amongst the men. At last it lit on a peg stuck in a sandbag at the end of the "dugout" and remained there until morning. The artillery began to slow down, but machine guns, like giant typewriters, clicked and tapped away. Before midnight one-half of my regiment moved into the trenches and the remainder continued to "stand to" till the morning, when the order came to "stand down." Each one seized the opportunity to get an hour's sleep, but I was not long in the happy state of rest when I was sent for from the trenches to assist the medical officer of another battalion of our division. When I arrived at his aid post I found that the enemy had sent two raiding parties into our trenches the night before.

The two battalions holding the line had barely taken up their places, which were new to them, when the enemy systematically shelled the whole front line, cutting the barbed wire in front and blowing in the parapets and inflicting many casualties. Our artillery did likewise to their front line, but in the meantime one of the enemy raiding parties was steadily creeping towards our line in the long grass of "no man's land" between the two fires. It was soon discovered and our artillery behind raised a barrage, and our machine guns in front assisted in mowing down the whole party of seventy men; not one man escaped. The second raiding party who approached our trenches were more fortunate than the first. They advanced at the same time as the first in a parallel line but under cover of a disused drain and were therefore unseen until they appeared outside our parapet. It was too late to raise a curtain fire, as our own men would have suffered as much as the enemy, who therefore reached our trenches, and a fierce hand to hand conflict ensued. Hand grenades and bombs; revolvers and daggers were fiercely used and many men fell in the fray.

An enemy officer who happened to be near a small bomb stone was struck with a bomb and the stone behind him was exploded and—nothing remained but a crater. The enemy soon withdrew, leaving his dead behind him but carrying away a few prisoners. While recrossing "no man's land," our barrage caught him and he lost heavily. Some of our men who were made prisoners must have been killed or wounded by our own guns, but some

of them who escaped from their captors fought their way back again to our trenches. Our wounded were soon tended and evacuated from the regimental aid post and I passed down the principal communication trench to the front line.

When nearing the line I heard a report from behind the enemy trenches and saw something like a small oil drum whizzing lazily through the air towards our trenches. It landed about fifty yards from me and exploded with a deafening report, and earth, sandbags and trench supports went flying in all directions. It was a *Minniewerfer*, or trench mortar projectile that spreads death and destruction for a radius of ten yards from the place where it lands. I waited for a few moments and saw another drop close to where the first one landed and then there was silence. It was merely the enemy's "Good morning" to our lines. I entered the front line and ment the previous night. Stretches of parapets, "bays" and "islands" were blown in and large craters gaped at space in the ground behind and in front of the line. Barbed wire entanglements were crumpled up and trench boards and supports and arms and ammunition were strewn about the place. The spirit of destruction reigned everywhere and yet it was merely a raid. An attack is a different matter.

In a turn of the trench I came across a dead enemy, the first I had seen. Previously, my feelings against him were bitter indeed; I thought that I could almost gloat over his body, but how little do we know ourselves. I bent over him and examined his wounds, and all my sympathy and better feelings went out to that man. He was about twenty-five years of age, fair-haired and blue-eyed and was a good specimen of his race. His face and tunic were spattered with blood and his body bore the marks of the terrible ordeal he had gone through. I pitied him as if he were "one of ours," and I cursed the civilization that has already destroyed millions like him amongst the people of Europe. The brave and the strong of head and hand have no chance against high explosives, shrapnel, gas, or the hundred and one devices of hell in modern warfare. Oh, soul of Caesar, what thinkest thou—thou who, in the flesh, foughtst the Belgæ and Gauls in these very fields, in days when courage and strong right hand won the day; when victory was not robbed of its glories nor war of its romance?

I returned to my "dugout" in the orchard and enjoyed the luxury of a shave and a wash-up. I noticed a heap of bricks and straw in the orchard, and while I was looking at it I saw a French peasant approaching me. He was on prohibited ground, but something told me he had a right to be there. After the usual salutations there was a pause and then I pointed to the heap of rubbish and said, "*Voire maison, monsieur.*" "*Ah, oui, monsieur.*" There was an essay in his answer and I understood. I explained to him as gently as I could and in my best French (which, wonderful to relate, he understood) that he was not permitted to visit the vicinity, that he would then be arrested if the military police saw him, and I directed him across some fields to get out of the way.

For the next few days I enjoyed rural peace and quietness, comparatively speaking. Our aeroplanes soared over the enemy trenches and were continually shot at but were never hit. They seemed to have it all their own way, as no enemy plane dared to appear. Often the exploding shrapnel in the air would crash through the trees in the orchard near my "dugout," and sometimes an unexploded shell would fall somewhere in my neighborhood. I visited the front line trenches a few times, but with the exception of the usual sniping there was comparative quietness. The artillery behind our trenches never let the enemy rest and he replied ineffectively. My battalion was employed mostly on fatigue parties and did no fighting during their term in the line and after the usual period we were relieved and returned to billets.

FRANCE, Sept. 14.

## Letters From the People

Lee Meriwether in Paris

Paris, November 27th, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The mails from America are both irregular and slow; I have only to-day received my MIRROR of November 9th—two days after the election, nevertheless still no certainty as to whether Hughes or Wilson won in the battle of the ballots, and of course not a word as to such minor matters as the election of governors, congressmen and municipal officials. It is now known over here that Wilson was re-elected but, except as I am able to judge inferentially from what is known of the Wilson vote in the West, I don't know who will be Missouri's next governor. We Missourians think a gubernatorial election a matter of some importance, but it doesn't bulk very large over here where the world is so busy trying to tear itself to pieces that it has no time even to inquire who was elected governor of our grand old state. I have tried at Brentano's to get some American newspaper containing the election results in St. Louis and in Missouri, but thus far (up to November 27) none are available and so, as I have said, one can only guess at the result. However, I am a pretty good guesser and have not hesitated to salute Fred Gardner as the winning man—even before the election he seemed to me a sure winner, for Missourians know a good man when they see one, and with all respect to Judge Lamm's legal abilities, what our state needs is a strong, level-headed business executive, untrammelled by obligations to professional, self-seeking politicians. It is because Col. Gardner is just that sort of a man that before the election I believed he would win, and that now, although no Missouri election returns are known in Paris, I have ventured to consider his success as certain.

Percy Werner's letter to you seems to me pithy and to the point; if you take issue with his argument in favor of eliminating national politics from municipal elections it ought to make interesting reading and I shall await later numbers of the MIRROR with more than ordinary zest. I found Dr. Hill's letter also exceptionally able and convincing—not that I required convincing; but I do not see how even a Republican could have read Dr. Hill's terse statement of facts regarding the constructive statesmanship of the Wilson administration without seeing the hollowness of the Hughes campaign, without seeing that the Hughes platform was solely a thing to get in on, not to stand on. Thanks to the good sense of a majority of the American people, the event showed the Hughes platform to be not worth a picayune even as a thing to get into office on.

Since my arrival here as Special Assistant to the American Ambassador to France I have had a look behind the scenes of this tremendous world-drama which can never be forgotten and concerning which I would be glad to write—if only the Censor and the proprieties (official) permitted. As neither will let me tell you of my month in Corsica,

of my journeys in Southern France, or of the tour of Normandy, in the war zone, which I have just completed in a military automobile, a soldier for chauffeur and a French Captain for guide and escort (you can't go half a mile in the war zone unless you are "official"—armed sentinels stop your automobile at every crossing), there remains little that I can write, unless I get away from this frightful war—which isn't easy to do here within an hour's ride from the trenches. The other day, however, I succeeded for an afternoon in almost putting thoughts of the war out of mind by the expedient of visiting one of Paris' quiet cities of the dead—Père Lachaise—where so many of France's immortal men are laid to rest. But even there, while communing with the spirits of great poets and composers, with Napoleon's marshals, with Balzac and Daudet and de Musset, the war was suddenly thrust into my thoughts again by the sight of the graves of German prisoners of war.

*"Les tombes des prisonniers allemands*

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*se trahissent par leur nudité*—the graves of the German prisoners of war betrayed themselves by their nakedness—not a flower, not an inscription; I bared my head as I stood by those graves, my heart oppressed by the thought of their pathetic fate, lying there asleep in the soil of an enemy country, never to return to the dear ones beyond the Rhine, their very fate perhaps unknown to the wife or the old father and mother who, hoping against hope, may be still expecting the return of the soldier boy who went forth to the war in all the glory and pride of youth and health and vigorous manhood. Many, many millions of the pride of European manhood go thus forth to the war—and alas, if not millions, many, many hundreds of thousands remain as

corpses to fertilize the soil of foreign lands!

Père Lachaise, Paris' most celebrated cemetery, is not pleasing to the eye as is the average American cemetery—for instance, as our beautiful Bellefontaine or Calvary; there are no pleasing landscape effects, no pretty groves of trees, no symmetrical arrangement of plots with artistic monuments. Ground in Paris is too precious for that; the average grave in Père Lachaise is only rented for five years, a square metre for that period costing fifty francs. To buy a lot in perpetuity is very expensive; two square metres cost a thousand francs each, and the more metres you buy the more they cost per metre. The fifth square metre costs two thousand francs, consequently only the rich own

a plot, and even the rich buy only a small plot: result—the plots and monuments are all huddled very close together, completely destroying all artistic effects. Three of Napoleon's marshals are close together, Ney, Lefebvre and Grouchy, the man whose tardiness at Waterloo perhaps changed the course of history. The monuments over these illustrious men are mediocre and would scarce be noticed were it not for the memories of the Revolution and the Napoleonic era which the names on those pieces of stone evoke.

I noted the graves of Rossini, of Sieyès, the Abbé Co-Consul with Napoleon; of Walewski, Napoleon's illegitimate son, and of a number of other well-known men, but to me the most interesting, and the most pathetic, of all Père Lachaise's monuments is that in a somewhat remote part of the cemetery to the memory of Oscar Wilde. It is a great, grey block of stone perhaps nine feet high, ten feet long and five feet thick. On one side of this huge stone, carved out of the block itself, is a weird, winged figure, an Assyrian with the curious beard and head-dress of the Assyrian; the figure is in a crouching posture, the knees drawn up, the attitude that of a man swimming through the air. There is no inscription beneath this curious figure, but on the other side of the huge block of stone are carved these lines:

OSCAR WILDE:

"Born, October 16, 1854; died, fortified by the sacraments of the church, November 30, 1900, at Hotel d'Alsace, 13 Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris.

"And alien tears will fill for him  
Pity's long broken urn;  
For his mourners will be outcast men,  
And outcasts always mourn."

In small letters at the bottom are the words:

"Given by a lady as a memoir of her admiration of the poet."

On the grave was a single bunch of fresh flowers. Were they, too, from "a lady as a memoir of her admiration of the poet?" That little bunch of flowers laid on Wilde's grave sixteen years after his death, even more than the costly monument, speaks of a chapter in that remarkable man's life which, were it known, would perhaps be as interesting as the other chapters of his strange career. LEE MERIWETHER.

### A Good Peace Move

New York, December 15, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I find that even the most domestic and innocent letters sent to Germany are delayed or destroyed by the British Censors; but that newspapers and periodicals generally go through quite promptly, even if marked.

It is most important that the German people should get some of the war and public opinion other than that put out by Berlin. I, therefore, suggest that all who have acquaintances in Germany or Austria, especially in the rural districts, should make it their business to send them American papers and magazines.

If taken up generally, this may be more effective toward ending the war than shipping relief supplies or munitions. It will at the same time help to create friendly relations between our citizens and Teutonic subjects.

Yours very truly,

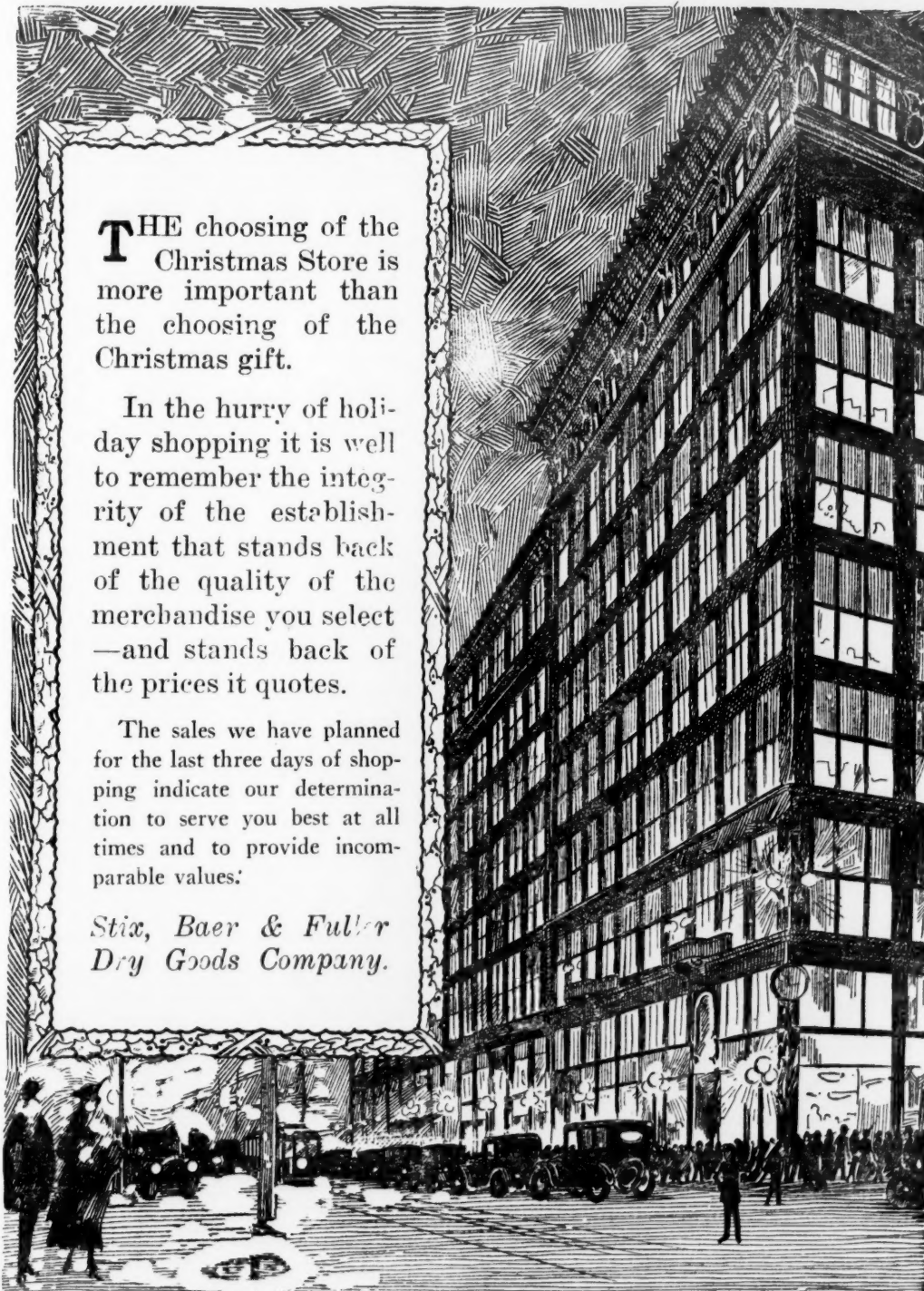
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### Munsterberg's To-Morrow

By Alpheus Stewart

When Professor Münsterberg was stricken by death while delivering a lecture to one of his classes connected with Harvard University, where he held the chair of psychology as one of the professors that Germany exchanged with this country, there passed from the scene of human action a foreigner who has undoubtedly left an impress on American thought during the twelve or more years he has been in this country. He was a prolific writer and the thoughts he presented were in the main original and interesting. He was a believer in America, in its youth, its vitality and its idealism and much of his effort during his stay in this country was directed to disabusing the European mind of the gross prejudices it held against us as a nation gold-lusting and altogether material. But in the last book published before his death—"To-morrow," issued by the Appletons—he has shown himself not altogether able to divest himself of prejudice in discussing

the great world war, or to prevent himself falling into the role of a special pleader, wherein he over-emphasizes one point and entirely ignores a related point. Perhaps this is to be pardoned, for the great war represents a general reaction toward barbarism rather than going forward in quest of truth. Indeed, the author comments on the remarkable way in which professors, thinkers, writers and philosophers have reverted to nationalism, and approves it. "The scholar who, uplifted by a healthy patriotism, proclaims historic and political facts as they appear from the angle of his hopes and as he sees them shaped by his nationalism, is not disloyal to the spirit of scholarship," says he. But there must be no hate in this attitude. And here it should be remarked that the book is devoid of hate, very unlike the recent book by Count zu Reventlow, which sought to prove England the "vampire of the continent." The tone is calm and without passion, but withal, many of the statements made beg the question.

The book is a series of ten letters directed to a fellow professor in Ger-

many. Most of the topics discussed betray the peculiarities of the German mind, made familiar to us by this war, which is to say an inability to assume a judicial attitude on any question connected with the war and a lack of sympathy with democracy. Thus he relates the "pathetic outbreak" that occurred over German-American activities in this country and especially the position assumed by his former compatriots over the refusal of this government to stop the shipment of munitions when Great Britain cut Germany off from this market. It is plain that the German professor sympathizes with the position of those who argue that this country is guilty of a crime in sending munitions to the Allies, although to the average outsider there is nothing more illogical than such an attitude. It may be true that this country is aiding the Allies by such shipments, but this does not violate its neutrality because the nation is passive and the situation is due to circumstances for which it is not responsible. If it refused to sell ammunition to any of the Allies because Great Britain has prevented Germany buying

in this market, it would be guilty of an overt act of partiality.

He sees as a result of this war a new nationalism. In fact, that result has already been partly accomplished. It is to be seen in the way in which different races and groups of men have been welded into devotion to the nation, despite their previous antipathies. Austria-Hungary and especially Great Britain, "to everybody's surprise," are notable instances of the new nationalism. Men do not divide racially or politically, but nationally. Russian imperialism may be an accurate term, but it is German nationalism when applied to the Kaiser's country. Such German nationalism neither threatens nor seeks to injure anyone. However, "Its nationalistic resolution is to not only protect Germany from the militarism of Russia, which is eager to expand, but against the diplomatism of England which is eager to prevent anyone else from expanding." This new nationalism has penetrated America also, and has resulted in a most revolutionary abandonment of its existing state of individualism, which the foreigner used to find so charming but which the author concludes will not work. That the country realizes this also is shown in its complete reversal of its attitude toward militarism. The country is now all for preparedness. It has placed a curb on predatory wealth and in a hundred other ways has come to understand that the needs of the group rather than of the individual are paramount.

Germany has undoubtedly impressed this nationalism on America and the world, but Münsterberg does not tell us how it was done. America will have to accept some form of militarism, not because it likes it but because it must, compelled thereto by brutal circumstances. America submits to militarism because it realizes that the rest of the world was mistaken in its belief that the age was passed when any great nation would suddenly and without warning assault a neighboring nation. That this great fact of barbarism was not buried, but still lurked bloodily alive, doubtless dismayed the thinking world more than any other incident of the world tragedy. And what is this new nationalism, forged by the brutal blows of war, but a back tracking to that barbaric individualism which the author decries? What has all progress been but a gradual expansion of barbaric individualism, which by irregular steps has passed from the family to the tribe, from the tribe to the small state, from the state to the great nation with its ultimate aim a world republic which would ignore narrow lines of geography, politics, language and the selfish ambitions of smaller groups?

Professor Münsterberg, however, is confident of one thing: Whichever army wins it will be a great victory for Germany, because it will have succeeded in imposing German "idealism" on the world. He says that the common acceptance would be that the chief thing with which Germany has impressed the world is the value of efficiency through organization. But that is not it. He even dissents from the theory that the Germans have a great natural capacity for organization, being beaten in that respect by the Americans. The new German idealism is a belief in "absolute

values." This "means simply that the deed is valued independent of the pleasure it brings. Whatever is valuable only insofar as it yields pleasure to someone is a relative value; but if we are filled with the belief that an action has value without any reference to pleasure or pain, then we credit it with absolute value." Individualism must be subverted. The welfare of the group is the supreme good. Duty is the principle of life, the duty to achieve ultimate effects. This German, or "over-personal idealism," is fixed on values that do not belong to this or that individual but can be realized only in the community. It need not be a thing of the state, and in fact it is an accident that it has gotten mixed up with the state and with militarism in its first manifestations. It is a sacrifice of the individual to the group. The factory does not exist for the workman, but the workman for the factory. "In this sense the war, whatever the future map may tell, will truly end with the Germanization of the world."

I doubt that I make this theory as plausible as the late German professor, but his "new idealism" looks very similar to what we have heard is German "Kultur," although he tells us that we do not know the meaning of that word.

His believer in "absolute values," or values without personal emotion or feeling, is a twin brother to W. L. George's man of "pure intellect," who is swayed neither by pity nor passion nor love, of whom the world, he says, has produced a few, naming among others Machiavelli, Napoleon and Bismarck. Certainly the policy of "frightfulness" in Belgium would seem to indicate that there are some Germans who believe in this doctrine of "absolute values." While he has been a student of this country and speaks of it with some authority, it seems to me that the learned professor entirely misapprehends the spirit of America when he speaks of it as being ready to receive this "new idealism." Some abatement of its intense individualism may occur, in fact has already occurred, but it will never accept the German idea, because that will mean the extinction of its democracy. The new idealism may be adapted to Germany, which is not naturally democratic, the statements of Dr. Münsterberg and all others to the contrary notwithstanding, but it fits nowhere the spirit of the English-speaking races.

But out of this war the professor expects to see come a new internationalism. One does not see how this can be

made to conform to the doctrine of the new nationalism with its rigid lines, but the author sees no difficulty in that. The efforts to establish an international tribunal which before the war excited only a smile, will do so no longer because men now see the need of an international tribunal as never before. It must come by degrees and it may not abolish wars, but through it the world will know peace as never before. The trade and cultural barriers that the nations now promise to set up after the war will be of no effect. Through trade, cultural relations, science, the arts, literature and scholarship, the unity of mankind will yet be established. Out of the war as the first step in this direction will come a regrouping of nations. Russia and Japan, with possibly Mexico, will head one group and England and America will be the center of the other. Germany may join either, but the professor hopes and prays and believes, repugnant as it may seem to both Germany and England, that the two nations will join with America, and thus insure the peace of the world for generations in the union of the great Teutonic family. If Germany joins Russia, with the position of France and Italy problematical, it means a second war, a real

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## My Trip To Germany

By Madeleine Doty

This letter from the author of the book, "Society's Misfits," is the most interesting description of conditions in Germany that has been printed anywhere, although the reader will observe that Miss Doty is very imperfectly neutral in her attitude. She wrote the article for the London Nation. Omitting her story of how she entered Germany, her diary begins with her arrival at Hamburg from Copenhagen.

I awoke to find myself in Germany. I sprang from bed and crept to the window. Beneath lay an empty courtyard—quiet, still, no sign of life. I press the electric button and order breakfast. A pale, worried little man arrives with a tray. There is the same undrinkable coffee of the night before, a tiny drop of blue, watery milk in a doll's pitcher no bigger than my thumb, no sugar, some black, sour, uneatable bread, and a small saucer of marmalade. Irritation seizes me. How can I spend weeks in Germany without proper food? I remember my box of American crackers, and the Danish butter and sausage reposing in the hotel refrigerator. But I have the decency not to send for them. I have at most some weeks of discomfort, the German people months of patient suffering. The Danish food shall go to a German friend. By the time I am dressed, my traveling companion, No. 50, has joined me. We decide to make a tour of the city. It is a gray, sunless day. The weather increases the gloom of the city. Only a few people are upon the street; old people or very young people and tiny children. But occasionally we pass a silent, dejected group lined up before a meat shop. It is a meat day. Working women with babies in their arms, or tiny children carrying baskets, or old, decrepit men and women clutching a Government meat card, patiently wait their turn. The shop door flies open, three or four are admitted, and a miserable half-pound of meat portioned out.

Except for these food purchasers, the city seems actionless. We enter a bookshop and ask for a map. But to sell a plan of Hamburg is *verboten*. So many things are *verboten*. Perhaps that accounts for the inactivity. Store windows present a fine display, but inside the shop is silent and empty.

Even in the business section there is little life. We find a small boat that makes a three hours' trip about the harbor, and take it. The great wharves are peopleless, no hurrying men, no swinging derricks, no smoke issuing from smokestacks or funnels. In the docks lie big and little boats, rusty, paintless, deserted. The great *Imperator*, like a towering monster, commands the center. The paint is peeling from its sides. Its brass is dull; some dirty, stained blankets flap on an upper deck. Like a thing alive it seems stricken with plague. Its proud title *Imperator* is gone, and in its place is the word *Cap Polonia*. Except for our tug and two others, no vessels move upon the water. There are no whistles, no chug-chug and swish of passing boats, no vibrant thrilling life. Hamburg is a

city of sleepers. Its big hotels, its many stores, its impressive buildings stretch out endlessly, but within all is still. All that modern industry and the ingenuity of man can achieve has here been flung upon the land, and then the force that created it has vanished, leaving these great monuments to rot, to rust, and to crumble. The tragedy of unused treasures is as horrible as rows of dead. A city seems visibly dying.

Faint from want of food, we leave the boat to seek a restaurant. We find one directly opposite the Hamburg-American docks, on the hillside. We seat ourselves on the outdoor porch which commands the harbor. As we do so, we notice a long line of women and children filing into the big Hamburg-American buildings. Each bears a pail. When they emerge it is with steaming contents. The docks have been turned into big feeding-kitchens. When the women leave, a whistle blows. Then from every direction come old men and young boys. They come running, hopping, jumping, each striving to be first, driven by hunger, or by fear that the last may have nothing. The police keep them in order. They file into the big building to eat.

The meal furnished us is scanty, but after this scene it seems bountiful. There is soup, fish, meat, vegetables, fruit, and cheese. The bread and meat are to be had only with cards. Like the day before, the food is watery and tasteless. It is such food as is served in institutions. Prison diet does not promote health or strength. One can live on it, but patriotism and temper suffer. I discover there are two kinds of bread, one a small roll, its substance only slightly dark. This is very eatable, and quite different from the ordinary black bread. Six of these small rolls can be had on a daily bread card. This bread, with a piece of Swiss cheese, do much to restore me to cheerfulness.

When we have finished, No. 50 suggested a trip to the Bismarck *Denkmal*. She is an ardent admirer of Bismarck and all German officials. It is only a short walk to the *Denkmal*. It is situated on a small hill, and the gigantic figure is further elevated by a high pedestal, till it towers over the city.

There is something sinister in the figure. It is clad in armor, and leans on a gigantic sword. It seems to say, "No force in the world shall deter me; I conquer all." Yet there is weakness behind the strength. As a work of art it is a failure. It is made of square cut stone, placed on square cut stone. This endless multiplicity of exactly similar stones, well ordered and arranged, has the effect of massive greatness. But it is a greatness built from the outside. Beneath is no inspired central vein of strength.

Rodin's sculpture personifies power. But the power of his figures arises from depicting the fire, energy, and originality of the human soul. But my companion is enthralled. This massive greatness of arrangement means to her strength.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she breathes. "If only he were alive, how different it would be! Germany would conquer all."

The words have hardly left her lips when we hear voices. A crowd of children is gathering just below. School is

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out, and they are surrounding an object of interest. One or two women join them. There is no passing populace to swell the throng. We approach and see in the center of the crowd of children a woman crouched upon a bench. She is dirty, ragged, and dark in coloring. She may be Armenian or Italian. On the ground at her feet is a baby just big enough to walk. It also is dirty, and possesses only one ragged garment. The mother sits listless, gazing at her child. It is evident she is soon to be a mother again. There is great chattering among the children. I turn to my companion for explanation.

"The woman wants to sell her child. She says she hasn't anything to eat. She isn't a German mother. Of course, no German mother would do such a thing. You can see she isn't good. She is going to have another baby."

A school-child gives the toddling baby some cherries. She eats them greedily. My hand goes to my pocket-book, but my companion pulls me away. If I bought the baby, what could I do with her on a trip through Germany?

Then my eye rests on the Bismarck *Denkmal*. I gaze at that massive, methodical, stolid war god at whose feet this human tragedy is being enacted. Rage seizes me, and a brilliant and crazy idea comes. Why not blow up the military



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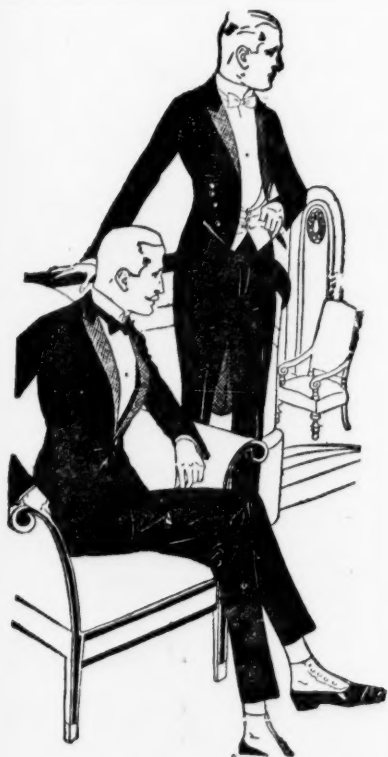
*Denkmals* as a way of freeing Germany from the war bug? The Allies are stupidly making women and children suffer, while the military class and militarism flourish. What is wanted is a bomb for each Bismarckian and royal *Denkmal*.

From the *Denkmal* we go to the residential quarter. We try to get a taxi,

but there is none. I saw just three during that day. It has grown to be tea-time. After a short walk, we enter a popular café. Here at last is a large group of people. There are many well-dressed women, retired officers or officers home on leave, and some slightly wounded soldiers. The tables in the big building or scattered about on the sidewalk are all occupied. A band is playing gay music. On the surface all looks well. But a line of Whitman flashes through my mind:

"Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death under the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones."

There is no chatter, no laughter, no smiles. The faces are lined with sadness. Except among the women there is no youth. All are shrunken, listless, distraught. Coffee "*Ersatz*" (coffee and a substitute) and tea "*Ersatz*" is being served. There is no milk and no sugar. The few cakes are made of an unknown substance. I try one, but cannot swallow it. Only the music is cheerful. There is a revival of band-playing in



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Germany. It is needed to hide the lack of laughter and talk.

There are but two topics of conversation—war and food shortage. There is nothing else to discuss, for there is little business, no trade, no reforms, no scientific discoveries, no creative work. Life has become mere existence—a prison existence. Mind and bodies are shrinking from a shortage of intellectual and physical nourishment.

The first day in Germany is the worst. Fresh from war-free countries, the impression is vivid. After a little I become adjusted. All who live in Germany get adjusted. The changes have come gradually. One month sugar stops. When this is an old story, then one must learn to do without milk. Herr Smyth fails one week, and Herr Bauer weeks later. This slow decline blinds Germany to what is really occurring. But the total, seen by a stranger, is appalling.

Across the street from the café is a little circular space with benches. On a bench is seated a tragic, well-dressed mother in deep mourning. Her child plays beside her, innocently happy. He climbs up and down, and finally knocks a paper bag from the bench. A roll tumbles into the dust and darts under the bench, covering itself with dirt. The mother picks it up, carefully brushes it, and gives it to the child, who eats eagerly. Everywhere are similar pathetic incidents.

My spirits sink lower and lower. "Look here," I say firmly to my companion, "I've got to have a square meal. We are going to the best and most expensive hotel in town."

That evening we dine at the Atlantic, and have a meal that is satisfying. By a skillful use of wine, salt, and some stray scraps of fat, the *table d'hôte* dinner is equal to that of a second-rate American hotel. The slice of meat served is no bigger than my hand, brown and juiceless, but the soup, fish, vegetables, and dessert would pass muster anywhere.

It seems cruel to eat of Germany's best, but henceforth I decided to live at the most expensive hotels.

That night a picture flashed before me. It is the vision of a big, unoccupied building. In large black letters upon its front is the inscription: "English Reform Church," and in its gaping windows are plastered printed signs reading: "*Zu vermieten*" (To Let). No wonder God's buildings are to let. God, the Spirit of Love, must have difficulty finding any place to rest these days.

Next morning my companion and I separate. She starts for Switzerland, and I for Berlin. My inability to speak German is disconcerting. I manage to get on the train, but in the dining-car I am helpless. I content myself with tea, bread, and cheese, the only words I know. In the compartment with me is an attractive young woman and her husband. They offer me magazines and papers. I summon up courage to say: "*Ich kann nicht Deutsch sprechen*," and show them my credentials. The young woman is immediately interested. She speaks to me in excellent English.

In May, 1915, I spent ten days in Berlin. Then English could not be spoken with comfort. Flushed faces and angry looks were the result. To-day, English

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is tolerated. Occasionally, eyes follow me questioning; the official class resent it, but the people are always friendly. A year ago there was bitter hatred of America. "American bullets" were flung in one's face everywhere. To-day the average person is pathetically eager to be friends. Slowly the people are awakening. For months the newspapers have fed them on the triumphs of Germany and the perfidy of other nations. But these stories of glorious German victories have resulted in—what? A lean and barren country, under-nourishment, death, the hatred of other nations. The people begin to doubt their leaders.

To call these people "barbarous" is an outrage. They are like ourselves, just folks, kindly and generous; deceived and brow-beaten by a ruthless military group.

The young woman in the railway carriage belongs to the well-to-do bourgeoisie. She is eager to talk. "Why," she asks, "does the world think we're beaten when we have soldiers in Belgium and France?" Often this question is asked.

Boasting no longer exists. Instead comes the plaintive query: "Why are we beaten, and why must we suffer?"

We gaze out of the window as the train speeds on. We pass great stretches of desolate, barren, juiceless land. It is sandy and difficult to cultivate. It is the worst portion of Germany. A tear is in my companion's eye. "We have got to have food," she avers, and then a moment later: "Oh! why can't we have peace?" If the German and English soldiers in the trenches and the civil population of Germany had their say, there would be peace to-morrow.

It is early afternoon when we reach Berlin. I leave the train slowly. When I reach the station entrance the taxis and carriages are all taken. An aged porter with a push-cart volunteers to conduct me to the Adlon. It is Sunday. I follow the push-cart through the silent streets, but as we pass the *Thiergarten*, a great throng of people is visible. They flow in and out about the *Hindenburg Denkmal*. That figure is made of wood and covered with nails. You pay a small sum, and hammer in a nail. In this manner patriotism and

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Hindenburg devotion are inculcated, and the Government gets the money.

If ever there were a systematic smashing of *Denkmals*, it would create a busy day for Berlin. There are so many of them. The *Thiergarten Strasse* is lined with ugly monstrosities of royalty. Many figures are portraits of English nobility who intermarried with Germans. Evidently, whatever comes to Germany becomes German, for all are decorated with wreaths and flowers.

But the Sunday crowd that moves about the *Thiergarten* is not happy. As in Hamburg and elsewhere, the men are old or very young, except for the sprinkling of lean, pale, nerve-racked soldiers. But Berlin has more life than Hamburg.

It is the busiest spot in Germany. It and the munition districts are the centers of activity. Berlin is more active than it was a year ago. Then action seemed suspended. The city was crowded, but idle. The populace was too tense, excited, and grim to work. It moved rest-

lessly upon the streets, waiting a glorious victory. The future was ignored. A long war was not dreamt of. There was a shortage of fodder, so thousands of cows were killed. This lack of foresight meant in time a shortage of milk and butter.

Germany was too sure of triumph to think in terms of years. But now conditions have changed. The assurance and arrogance have vanished. In their place is a dull resignation. All life is centered on mere existence. The wounded who have come back have gone to work. Wagons carrying supplies and old patched taxis returned from the front move upon the streets. The necessities of life must be had. Berlin, the seat of government, must secure them.

So on the surface there is bustle and action, and life somewhat resembles the normal. But it is a queer, limited, down-at-the-heel activity. People are upon the streets, but the stores are nearly empty. There is a shortage of things to buy. The very rich still purchase, but cheap things are only to be had with Government cards.

That is the tragedy of Germany—the sore spot that festers. The pinch has come, and the rich protect themselves at the expense of the poor.

At the Adlon and other great hotels one suffers little. There is no sugar, but saccharine is served, saccharine which ordinarily can only be had by a doctor's order. It is true the allowance of meat, bread, and butter per person is the same. At the Adlon, butter is furnished on Tuesday and Friday, the two meatless days. For breakfast one received a pat no larger than a big strawberry, and that is all. But the meat problem hardly touches the rich. Chickens, ducks, and birds are not called meat. They are to be had at high prices. On meatless days they are always served at the Adlon. The fat from these birds to an extent makes up for the lack of butter. Moreover, the poor frequently have no money for meat or butter, and their allowance is purchased by the rich.

It is marvelous with what ingenuity

the big hotels conceal deficiencies. That is why visitors and reporters fail to see the underlying truth.

Duck is served the night of my arrival. The *table d'hôte* dinner is \$1.75. I eat every scrap. It is not enough for a hungry man, but for me it is satisfying. As I rise from the table I say to the waiter: "That is as good a dinner as I ever ate." He smiles broadly, greatly pleased.

But I go to bed tormented by the lean and shrunken people I have seen. It is foolish to starve out Germany. This procedure does not hurt the governing classes and the rich. They will not suffer until the rest of Germany is dead. Starvation kills off the poor, but leaves the militarists intact. This is not the way to crush militarism. It cannot be done by pressure from the outside. Regeneration always comes from within. Revolution or evolution—not smashing—is what is needed.

August, 1916.

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## Synge's "Playboy"

By Williamina Parrish

One hears a great deal of discussion as to what is and what is not the meaning of Synge's marvelous masterpiece—as to whether or not it teaches a wrong moral under cover of a glorifying Celtic lyricism and romanticism—and all the time it is not the actual murder of a father by a son that is the chief concern of this play. As interpreted (and most exquisitely, in its every subtle detail) by Mr. Millman of the St. Louis Little Theater Company, it is the time-old struggle of the artist-soul against the family and convention; of youth against age—and youth and the artist must triumph, for to youth and the artist are given the task of bearing the lighted torch, and in time passing it on again to youth and the artist, and yet again in never-ending success. For art alone endures as the measure of men, and of races and eras. Small wonder that the souls of the *Christy Mahons* of the world cry out in revolt and "destroy their 'da.'" For old Mahon is not just the father of the playboy *Christy*; he is the father of all the playboys that ever were, or ever will be—the smug, self-respecting, self-supporting backbone-of-the-race, with a "luney" son of whom he is ashamed because no one can see in him anything but a lazy good-for-nothing, who refuses to dig potatoes from dawn to dusk! The fact that *Christy's* visions, concreted, would bring him immortality means nothing to old Mahon—potatoes and pennies are the measure of his soul and of his judgment of all souls. The instinctive revolt of the poet-soul against all this commonplaceness was most delicately brought out by Mr. Millman in his reading of the starry lines of Synge—he had the soft-singing voice of seduction, made more poignantly so by his persuasive near-brogue and in his eye the light of madness—poetic madness. Mr. Millman did not resort to the conventional stage tricks of make-up to obtain his effects—he did not choose to be the Narcissus type of boyhood, as is usually done in portraying the poet and the artist. He was a boy of brawn as well as beauty, and of brains. The lines were

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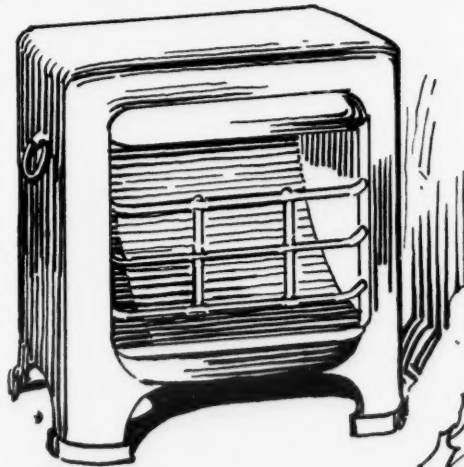
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spoken with virility, not with sickly sentimentality. Mr. Millman gave us the *real* playboy, the *real* artist, not the degenerate pseudo-poet whose only concern is with his physical beauty and its effect on others, men and women alike. The Millman interpretation is undoubtedly what Synge meant *Christy* should be and what will rarely be accorded him in most presentations of the play.

The company as a unit gave themselves to the back-grounding of Mr. Millman, and the setting and lighting and costuming (with the exception of the jockey outfit in the last act—no doubt *correct*, but out of the picture as to color and cut) were all of a most sympathetic and æsthetic rightness, that left one free to lose himself in the poetry and philosophy and portraiture of this most exquisite of plays—this preachment against the restraint of the family and convention upon the artist, the dreamer with a message for us all from over the border, if we will but stop digging potatoes long enough to listen to him.

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## Music

Beethoven and Tschaikowsky

By Victor Lichtenstein

Heine's well-known line, "*Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen mach ich die kleine Lieder*," is strikingly applicable in the lives of the great composers under consideration. The world knows of Beethoven's terrible infirmity of deafness which first manifested itself in his twenty-eighth year; but it does not know that this deafness was due to an inherited blood taint which gradually attacked all of the vital organs and eventually brought about his death. Just consider for one moment the heroic soul of this man; misunderstood largely through his own irritability, yet always courageous enough to believe in a universal brotherhood of man and to voice this belief in a series of tone poems which never strike the note of pessimism. Truly if ever a human being was thrown in upon himself for sympathy and affection, it was Beethoven; and nothing more eloquently testifies to the soundness and beauty of his nature than the wonderful symphonies he gave to the world in the first years of the nineteenth century.

In the case of Tschaikowsky, we are dealing with an entirely different temperament. Fully as lofty in soul as Beethoven, equally courageous in his fight with himself, he could not help, by nature, becoming the mouthpiece of the melancholy of the Russian people. Transferring to his magnificent canvases the gloomy color of Russian folk-song and dance he has given us, notably in his sixth symphony, the very quintessence of the unsatisfied longing and desire of the whole human race; in this latter sense he is more than a national tone-poet.

We have frequently heard the "*Pathétique*" in St. Louis. Even so remarkable a genius on the interpretative side as Arthur Nikisch produced it a few years ago at the Coliseum with the London Symphony Orchestra, and on that occasion the MIRROR printed a lengthy re-

view of the concert. I was formerly under the impression that the gloom of the last movement, especially, was decidedly unhealthy and morbid; but I felt last Saturday night, when our orchestra played it with splendid vigor and clearness, that it was after all a universal tonal epic which all who have gone through the common experiences of life would instantly comprehend. In this sense, Tschaikowsky still remains the great Realistic Idealist, if I may so term it, in contrast to Beethoven, who continually points the way to a Utopian state of serene happiness.

Tschaikowsky was a giant in the musical world. In common with the most of the modern Russian school, music was to him at first nothing more than the pleasant diversion of the amateur; and it was not until he had entered his twenties, that he formed the resolution to make music his life work. He has frequently said in his letters that he wished only to become a good composer, and he endured heroic labor to perfect himself in the technique of his art. Of broader culture than Rubinstein and his colleagues, he absorbed the knowledge of the different schools and was, of course, strongly attracted to the warm, passionate music of the great Southland Italy. He left a record of this affection in his well-known "*Italian Caprice*" for orchestra, and the equally beautiful but rarely played "*Florentine Sextet*" for strings. The suavity of many of the lyrical episodes and motives in his symphonies, notably the fifth and sixth, are distinctly Italian in their surface beauty and contour.

Tschaikowsky never knew the love and tenderness of woman; and the passionate frenzy in the first movement of his "*Pathétique*," the black despair in the last are just as much personal expressions of unattainable desire as they are the voice of the world's unsatisfied longings. He is the great interpreter of the nervous unrest, the questioning doubt of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. No other composer has gripped us in the elemental passions as he has done. He has been accused by a certain school of critics, of being too easily understood; someone has said that you know in advance how he is going to develop his theme. I think herein lies one of his greatest appeals to the average audience. His fiery eloquence expressed in melody and harmony of incomparable sensuous beauty, in barbaric splendor of color in the instrumentation of the orchestra, and alive with the sharp infectious rhythms of the Russian folk-dance, is of course, of instant appeal to anyone sensible to the beauty of music. Other composers, Brahms noticeably, are not so easily comprehended at first hearing, because they lack the very things which are the chief splendor of the externals of the great Russian's work; but this is a point we are not concerned with.

It would be too soon to predicate the immortality, relatively speaking, of Tschaikowsky. But as long as the art of music retains its present medium of the tempered scale, Beethoven and Tschaikowsky, with Richard Wagner, will rank as the three greatest tone-poets of our period.

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## At the Theaters

Louis K. Anspacher's unusual, unconventional and satirical comedy drama, "The Unchastened Woman," will be staged by Oliver Morosco at the Shubert-Garrick theater for the week beginning Christmas eve, with the Chicago cast and production. The play accepts immorality in modern social living as a matter of course and has for its central figure a selfish butterfly of society who has never known a generous impulse; in style it combines the cold brilliance of Oscar Wilde with the hard cynicism of Ibsen and Shaw's disregard of the conventions. Starring in the play is a beautiful young actress noted for the excellence of her voice, Miss Emily Stevens, who is a niece of Mrs. Fiske and has been on the stage since childhood. The supporting company includes H. Reeves-Smith, Frances Underwood, Malcolm Duncan, Howard Hall, Isabel Richards, Lillian Kemble Cooper and Jennie Lamont. Matinees, Christmas day, Wednesday and Saturday.

Magazine readers who have been entertained by the Emma McChesney stories will have an opportunity to see and hear the various "types" next week at the Jefferson theater. George V. Hobart and Edna Ferber have collaborated in a dramatization of these stories and have woven the most interesting incidents into a consistent play, "Our Mrs. McChesney." The success of the production is assured by Rose Stahl, of *Maggie Pepper* and *Chorus Lady* fame, in the title role. As *Emma McChesney* she is saleswoman for the Featherloom Petticoat Company and she keeps the audience laughing—what time they are not crying. Other characters are the fat and jolly salesman, the gum-chewing stenographer and the small town buyer, all done in excellent Edna Ferber style; there are thirty speaking parts. The usual matinees and another on Christmas.

Mrs. Lily Langtry (in private life Lady Hugo Gerald de Bathe) in a playlet called "Ashes" will head the bill at the Columbia Christmas week. She will be supported by Pelham Lynton, an English actor last seen here as leading man with Cyril Maud in "Grumpy." It will be recalled that in point of beauty Mrs. Langtry has been to the English stage what Lillian Russell has been to the American. The "Jersey Lily," as she is known, does not contemplate retiring from the stage, but after her present trip in vaudeville will play only in England. Other numbers of particular merit are Harry and Emma Sharrock in "Behind the Grand Stand," George Whiting and Sadie Burt in peppery song-sayings; Maria Lo and her company in "Porcelain," a reproduction of famous Dresden and other china; Benny Woods in ten minutes of syncope; DeWitt, Burns and Torrence in "The Awakening of Toys," Alexander MacFadyen, composer-pianist; and the dancing Kennedys.

"On the School Playgrounds," a musical comedy introducing a large number of clever boys and pretty girls, is the happy selection for the headliner of the vaudeville bill specially arranged for

Christmas week by Manager Wallace of the Grand Opera House. Another notable feature will be "Erford's Whirlwind Sensation," one of the most strenuous gymnast acts in vaudeville; the participants revolve in mid-air so rapidly that all individuality of figures is obliterated. Other good numbers are Bert and Harry Gordon in an amusing sketch, "Stop, You're Flat;" Godfrey and Henderson in "All Aboard for Abroad;" Charles and Anna Glecker, comedy water jugglers; Ford and Urma in new songs and dances; Spiegel and Dunn, blackface funmakers; Monroe brothers, bounding tramps; Bayle and Patsy in nifty nonsense; and new comedy pictures.

Romance with an overmeasure of thrills is the programme for the American theater Christmas week, and in addition to the usual matinees there will be one on Christmas. Harry Clay Blaney, starring in "The Blindness of Youth" and supported by an exceptionally clever company, will play the part of *Jimmy*, the mysterious stranger, a whole-hearted, clever fellow, in a manner to win all hearts. The action takes place in a shoe factory and among the pleasing incidents of the play are the scenes between *Jimmy* and the firm's beautiful young bookkeeper.

As Sunday is Christmas eve, the customary performance of the German theater company has been set for the following Tuesday, December 26, when the extraordinary comedy success, "The Legend of the Holy Forest," will be presented. It is a companion play to "Alt Heidelberg" and is equally popular among German theater-goers. The play is not, as might be supposed, a Christmas tale, but a beautiful love idyll moving the audience alternately to smiles and tears. It tells of a princess who has her dream of love in the Suabian forest on a summer's day, yet she and her loved one can never be to each other what her heart dictates. The play is full of graceful romance and will appeal to the cultured element of the community as nothing heretofore presented.

As "Christmas Follies" has proved so popular with St. Louis theater-goers that the Park management have decided to run it another week. The music, scenes and costumes are in harmony with the Yuletide season and no better entertainment could have been selected for this time. The production is based upon "Babes in Toyland" and the eight or nine scenes present some of the most elaborate stage settings ever attempted by the Park—the master toymaker's shop, the Christmas tree grove, and streets in toyland are among the scenes particularly pleasing to the children. A special holiday matinee will be given Monday.

### U. of Mich. Glee Club Concert

The Glee and Mandolin clubs of the University of Michigan will give a concert under the auspices of the local alumni at the Victoria theater, Friday night, December 22nd, and the members of the local alumni, many of whom are numbered in the most prominent busi-

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ness and social circles of St. Louis, are making preparations for this event.

The clubs will make a party of 42 people and are on their annual trip West. On this trip concerts will be given at Jackson, Mich.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; St. Louis, Mo.; Denver, Colo.; Laramie, Wyo.; Cheyenne, Wyo.; Wichita, Kan.; Newton, Kan.; Topeka, Kan.; Kansas City, Mo., and Chicago, Ill.

The University of Michigan was one of the first to organize a Glee and Mandolin club and the first trip of the

clubs under the auspices of the University of Michigan was taken in 1859. This university was founded in 1837 and is said to-day to be the largest university in the country with its buildings all on one campus, and in connection with the university is a school of music that has national fame.

Officers of the local alumni are: president, W. F. Carter, vice-president Mercantile Trust Co.; vice-president, F. H. Bacon, attorney; secretary, W. R. Schneider, attorney for Union Electric

L. & P. Co.; treasurer, Wm. C. Swartout, asst. engineer, Missouri Pacific Railway.

This is the programme:

1. (a) Victors ..... Elbel, '00  
(b) Varsity ..... Moore, '12  
Combined Clubs.
2. The Blue Danube Waltz.....Strauss  
Mandolin Club.
3. Anything ..... Anybody  
Midnight Sons' Quartette,  
Cherryman, Smith, Westerman, Carlson.
4. Omnipotence .....Schubert-Liszt  
Glee Club.  
Solo by H. L. Davis.  
Frank A. Tabor at the organ.
5. Orientale .....Victor Herbert  
Mandolin Club Quartette.  
Berman, Parker, Kempton, Davis.
6. The Beautiful Rose.....Hastings  
Varsity Quartette,  
Davis, Grover, Dieterle, Carlson.
7. (a) Meditation .....Bach-Gounod  
(b) Marche Militaire .....Schubert  
Mandolin Club.
8. Toreador Song (Carmen).....Bizet  
Glee Club.  
Solo by Chase Sikes.
9. Selections,  
Banjorine Sextette.  
Leininger, Stevens, Gingrich, Aldrich,  
Honey, Davis.
10. (a) Robin Adair..arr. by Dudley Buck  
(b) Schneider's Band.....Mundy  
Glee Club.  
Laudes Atque Carmina,  
A. A. Stanley  
Combined Clubs.

Following are the Patronesses for this affair: Mesdames—W. F. Carter, F. H. Bacon, Frank Thompson, W. B. Thompson, Oreon E. Scott, Theodore F. Meyer, Theodore F. Meyer, Jr.; Herman F. Hoch, Armand Miller, Frank Hampshire, Branch Rickey, L. S. Luton, W. R. Schneider, Wm. H. Stauffer, W. C. Swartout, George L. Neuhoff, Jr.; W. A. Chamberlain, L. C. Turner, Horton Ryan, C. E. Cullen, Donald D. Smith and Branch Colby.

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### This Week's Symphonies

This week's symphony concerts, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, bring to St. Louis a guest conductor, Adolf Weidig, of Chicago, who will direct a first performance here of his Symphonic Suite. This work, given in Chicago and Minneapolis by the symphony orchestras of those cities, has been received very favorably. One of the most beautiful and pleasing works on this week's programme is the Cesar Franck symphonic poem, "Les Eolides." Inspired by De Lisle's poem, addressed to the daughters of Aeolus, master of the winds, this work begins with a zephyr-like theme, the development of which and the motives springing therefrom, comprise the composition. A feature of the programme will be the performance of the Prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," which Conductor Zach will play in commemoration of the recent death at Bayreuth of the great conductor and Wagnerian disciple, Hans Richter. Other numbers on the programme are Weber's Overture to "Der Freischütz" and Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1, in A Major.

Next Sunday afternoon's pop concert will be made up of novelties and favorite old numbers. Mme. Ida Delle-donne, who has been harpist of the St. Louis orchestra for several years, will furnish the solo, a composition by Has-selmans, never played before at these concerts. The orchestral setting of the Eight Russian Folk-Melodies, by Lia-

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dow, will be found most interesting and delightful. Other numbers will be: "Entrance of the Boyars," by Halvorsen; Nocturne in C Minor, Op. 48, No. 1, by Chopin; Two Spanish Dances, by Moszkowski; Poeme Erotique ("The Poet's Dream"), Op. 31, No. 6 (first time), by MacDowell, and Rhapsody, "Espana," by Chabrier.

♦♦♦

## Marts and Money

The German peace proposal caused hysterical commotion and startling fluctuations on the Wall Street Exchange. The totals of transfers substantially exceeded the two-million mark. In the mining and industrial departments, declines varied from ten to thirty-five points. United States Industrial Alcohol, for instance, which sold at 145 some weeks ago, fell to 112. In the case of Crucible Steel common, the week's extreme loss was a little over twenty points. The quotation for the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation slid from 125 to 109. That for Utah Copper went down to 103. On November 18, this stock was in tumultuous demand at or around 130. The prices for railroad certificates of known high merits were not damaged in grave manner. Losses amounted to one or two points. In speculative cases, they ranged from three to five points. Southern Railway common proved a conspicuous exception. After receding a point or so, the price of this stock advanced to 36½, the best notch since 1906, when the maximum was 42¾. In the early part of 1915, purchases could be made at 12½. The rise to 36½ is undoubtedly in anticipation of a renewal of dividend payments on the preferred shares in the next two months.

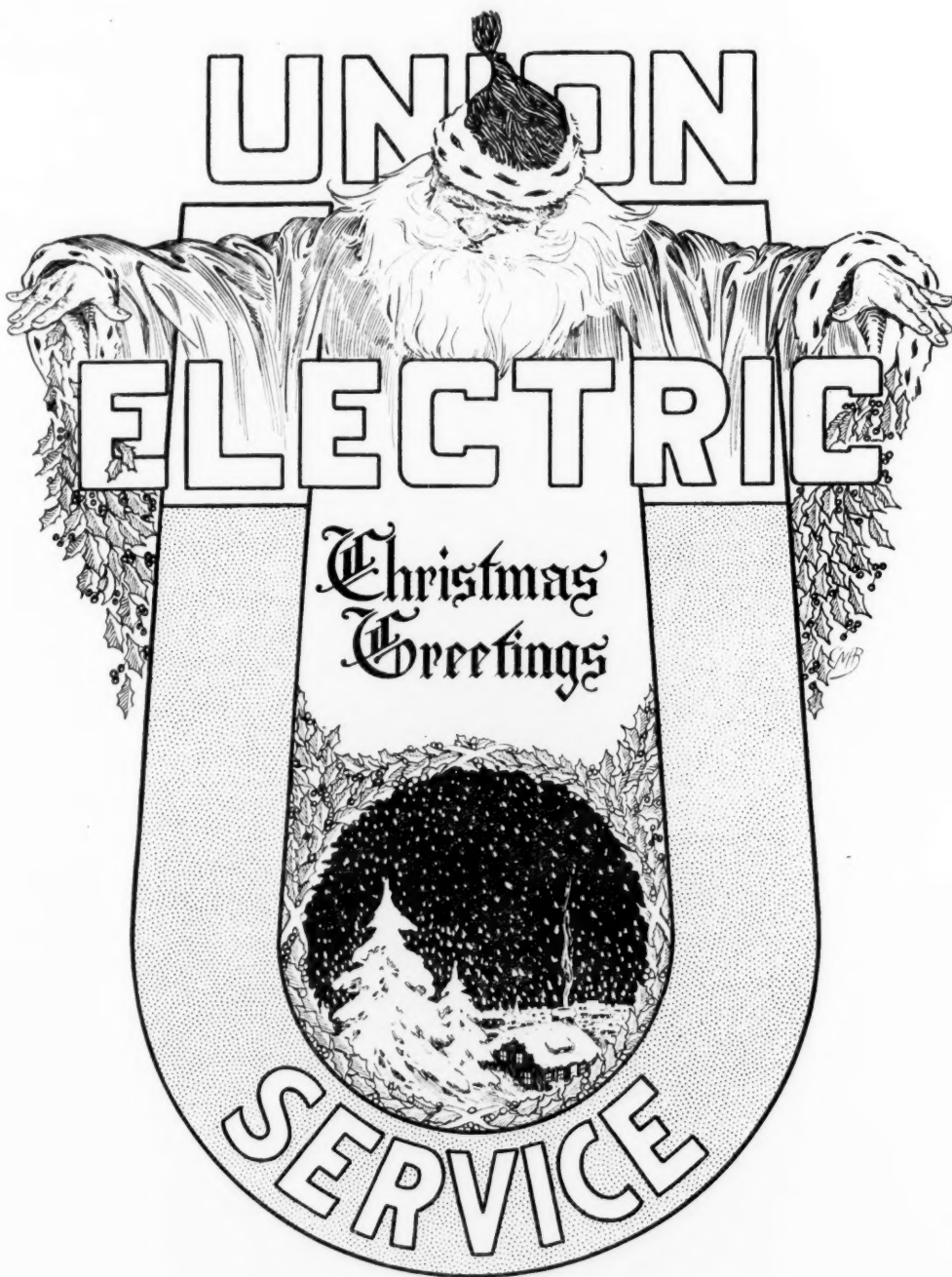
The upheaval in the mark was accentuated by reports of an unpleasantly stiff attitude on the part of money-lending institutions. For call funds, the highest rate was 10 per cent, but there came a decline to 4 per cent when it was bruited about that the weekly Clearing-House exhibit would show another material improvement in excess reserves. This item now stands at nearly \$95,000,000, against \$41,000,000 on December 2. The notable replenishment in the last few weeks is reflective, not only of gold imports, but also of extensive liquidation on the Stock Exchange. Loans for six months still are quoted at 4 to 4½ per cent. In the market for foreign exchange, decidedly interesting movements occurred in the quotations for German, Austrian, French, Italian, and Prussian bills. Berlin advanced from 65¾ to 74¾ cents for four reichsmarks; Austrian kronen rose from 11½ to 14½ cents; French francs, from 5.87 to 5.83; Italian lire, from 6.90 to 6.71, and Russian rubles, from 29 to 31 cents. With regard to French and Italian exchange, it must be borne in mind that the quotations give the present amounts of francs and lire in the American dollar. Parity in both cases is 5.18½ francs.

Naturally, the rather sensational advances in foreign exchange rates were taken as indicative of a brightening of prospects for peace at an early date. This, despite the sluggishness of the sympathetic movement in the quoted values of foreign bonds and notes. Anglo-French 5s, for example, advanced

from 92¾ to 93¾. Upon receipt of cablegrams putting stress upon manifestations of an irreconcilable state of feeling in Allied countries and upon the renewal of fierce fighting at Verdun and elsewhere, the upward course in the market for foreign bills came to a sudden halt. Whether the end of the war is in sight or not, no one seems to know, not even in Washington. Wall Street would, of course, not feel disappointed if the catastrophic conflict were to continue a year or two longer. Its press organs, the *Wall Street Journal* in particular, are vehemently opposed to peace negotiations at the present time. So, too, are the many thousands of gamblers who purchased war stocks at the alti-

tudinous levels of some weeks or months ago. It is not realized on the part of these interests that the progressive impoverishment of Europe must in the

course of time find calamitous reflection in the United States. In their crass materialism, in their myopic pragmatic philosophy, they are intent, solely, upon



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gathering the rich profits of the present time.

Impetuous and startling fluctuations in prices were witnessed also on the Chicago Board of Trade. They ranged from 15 to 28 cents a bushel. The July wheat option, which recently sold at \$1.60, is now purchasable at \$1.37. In May wheat, the extreme decline amounted to 26 cents. Relatively sharp price changes were also recorded in the corn and oat pits. Conditions are such in the grain markets that brokers are compelled to call for unusually stiff margins. The same can be said respecting business on the cotton exchanges. It was interesting to note that on the latter prices showed upward tendencies on news suggesting an early termination of the war. The reason for this can easily be surmised. The establishment of an armistice would be followed by heavy buying of cotton in the United States for German and Austrian account. In 1913, our exports of cotton to the two Teutonic nations had a total value of almost \$400,000,000.

The quoted values for high-grade industrial and railroad bonds were not badly affected by the "slump" in the stock department. The depreciation did not amount to more than one point in the majority of important cases. Atchafalpa general 4s are quoted at 94½, against 95½ some months ago. Baltimore & Ohio gold 4s receded from 92 to 91½ during the past week; Chicago, M. & St. Paul debenture 4s, from 93 to 92½; New York Central refunding 4½s, from 96¼ to 95¾, and Union Pacific first 4s, from 98¼ to 98¼. There seems to be no danger of disagreeable declines in the values of securities of this class. Holders of them are not tempted to liquidate in existing circumstances, not even by the low prices ruling for numerous foreign issues. As I intimated in the MIRROR a week ago, the future of American railroad companies is brightening. The time is not very far off, I take it, when their bonds will be guaranteed, impliedly or positively, by the Federal government. Adequate protection may be given, likewise, to the owners of stocks. In this connection, it should be noted that the companies are now conferring with the railroad brotherhoods concerning a definite settlement of the eight-hour controversy.

According to authoritative reports, the copper market is unsettled. Quotations for the metal are merely nominal. For the second and third quarters of 1917, the price is maintained at 34 cents a pound. It stands to reason that actual peace pourparlers would result in a break to about 22 or 20 in less than a month. It is taken for granted in trade circles that European demand will be extraordinarily large for several years after the end of the war. The chief sustaining fact at the moment is the knowledge that the principal producing properties are under contract to deliver 450,000,000 pounds to the Allied nations in the first six months of the coming year. The Kennecott Co. has declared the regular quarterly dividend of \$1.50. There had been hopes of an increase to \$2. The Inspiration Co. is expected to declare the regular quarterly rate of \$2.

Additional imports of gold have increased the total received since the first of the year to almost \$500,000,000. To

this should be added the \$94,000,000 produced by our own mines. It is stated that the British, French and Russian governments are firmly resolved to continue shipments to the United States in large amounts, with a view to protecting their credits. The quotation for silver is 76¼. The market for this metal shows significant firmness, in view of the world-wide talk of peace.

The Westinghouse Electric Co. has decided to issue 15,000,000 new shares of stock, to be offered to present holders at the rate of one to four. It is thought that the proposal may develop into a stock dividend. The officials estimate the current year's earnings to be equal to \$12.50 on each share outstanding. The present quotation for Westinghouse Electric—54½—compares with 71½ on March 15, 1916. The par value is \$50.

President Vanderlip of the National City Bank of New York takes a comfortable view of economic conditions in the United States after the restoration of peace. Similar opinions are voiced by some other prominent authorities. It is much to be hoped that their words may be fulfilled. It seems to me, however, that a period of more or less serious depression will be inevitable. History repeats itself.

#### Finance in St. Louis.

They had an active and relatively firm market on the Fourth Street Exchange. The declines in a few quarters were not truly important. They were the outgrowth, mainly, of realizing sales for people who bought at low prices some month ago. There's no likelihood of a really extensive break in local values, except, perhaps, in instances, not at all numerous, where advances have been of the sensational kind, because based upon consideration of war profits. The shares of banks and trust companies, and ordinary industrials, are not selling at inflated prices, and owners of them can see no reason why they should liquidate on account of peace prospects and the feverish feeling in Wall Street.

International Shoe common was a leading feature lately. Several hundred shares were transferred at 104.50 to 110. National Candy common registered a decline of a point, the present quotation being 18.75, against 19.75 a week ago. The recent top notch was 21.50. The total turn-over was strikingly large. Five shares of the first preferred were taken at 102.75—an unchanged price. Thirty Hamilton-Brown Shoe brought 142 to 145. Owing to the declaration of an extra dividend of 1 per cent by the Union Sand & Material Co., the stock was in uncommonly brisk demand for a while, with the price up to 85. The latest quotation is 81.50. Seventy-five Hydraulic Press Brick common were sold at 3, a figure denoting a depreciation of \$1. A few small lots of Independent Breweries first preferred brought 11.50 and 12, and \$4,000 of the 6 per cent bonds, 50 and 51. Ten Wagner Electric brought 360, and twenty St. Louis Screw, 245; ten were taken at 235.

United Railway issues showed no changes of great interest. Of the 4 per cent bonds, \$22,000 were disposed of at 61 to 60.50. The latter price implies a decline of a half point. One hundred

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and His Gayety Girls

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and twenty-five shares of the preferred were sold at 15.75, against 15.25 in the previous week. Ninety-five of the common brought 4.12½. There was one transfer of ten shares of East St. Louis & Suburban stock at 50; \$2,000 Alton,

G. & St. Louis Traction 5s were sold at 79.25.

Bank certificates were in moderate request. Bank of Commerce was transferred at 106.25; the aggregate of transfers was twenty shares. Ten Mercan-

tile Trust brought 341; five Mississippi Valley Trust, 288; ten Boatmen's Bank, 116, and fifteen Merchants-Laclede National, 285.

The local money market remains in a reassuring position. It was not ruffled in any noticeable way by the flurry in New York rates. St. Louis institutions are amply prepared to meet the heavy year-end requirements, inclusive of interest and dividend distributions. The latter will set a new high record.

#### Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	107 1/2	109
Mercantile Trust	247	
United Railways com.	4	4 1/2
do pfd.	15 1/2	16
do 4s	60 1/4	
Kinloch L.-D. Tel. stock	148 1/2	
Union Sand and Material	83 1/2	
Int. Shoe com.	107	
do pfd.	111 1/4	
Central Coal & Coke com.	51	
do pfd.	76 1/2	
Granite-Bimetallic	70	75
American Bakery com.	10	15 1/2
Hamilton-Brown	133 1/2	
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.	11 1/2	15
do 6s	47	48 1/2
National Candy com.	19 1/4	19 3/4
Chicago Ry. Equipment	107 1/2	109

#### Answers to Inquiries.

K. M., Cedar Rapids, Ia.—The 5 per cent dividend on American Agricultural Chemical common is amply earned, and will no doubt be maintained indefinitely, regardless of peace prospects. The company paid 4 per cent in the four years ended December 31, 1915. The present annual rate, established some months ago, is 5 per cent. There has been talk for some time of a further advance at an early date. About a month ago, the price was up to 102, against 63 on April 22 last. The property is ably managed, and finances are in first-class shape. If you wish to buy, await additional depreciation, say to about 85.

BARGAIN, St. Louis.—The quotation for Inspiration Copper—now 57—would be likely to drop to 50 or 49 in the event of an armistice in Europe. The stock sold at 42 3/4 last April. If the price of the metal were to fall to 18 cents a pound, the present dividend rate of \$8 a year would not be maintained. There would be a cut to about \$4 or \$5. Provisionally speaking, you would not be making a grave mistake even if a truce were to be declared, by buying at 50, but it might be well to scale the order. At 50, you would get exactly \$8 per annum on your investment. Prospects are that the copper industry will continue in a prosperous state for at least two or three years after the war. Even a price of 18 cents for the metal would mean unusually large profits, especially for the porphyry properties in Utah, Nevada and Arizona.

IN DOUBT, St. Louis.—The stock of the North American Co. is not a superior kind of investment. It looks attractive, though, the current market value implying a net yield of a little over 7 per cent, the dividend rate being 5 per cent. This has been regularly paid since January 1, 1910. The quotation does not fluctuate violently. The range covered twenty points in 1915, and about ten points thus far in 1916. There's no probability of an increase in the rate in the next two years. You may have a chance, before long, to buy the

stock at 64. Much depends on the course of the general market.

INVESTOR, Concordia, Kan.—The common stock of the Railway Steel Spring Co. is not active, as a rule, in normal times. It receives 5 per cent per annum, payments having been resumed recently. The dividend record is not at all good. Nothing came forth in 1914 and 1915. You will do better, I think, by buying a well-seasoned 6 or 7 per cent railroad stock, in prevailing circumstances.

J. F. T., Akron, O.—Western Union Real Estate 4 1/2 per cent bonds are a good investment, but subject to considerable fluctuation from time to time. Whether or not they might decline to 92, is hard to say. They would, no doubt, in case of a material hardening of money rates both in Europe and the United States, a contingency that must carefully be weighed by every investor. Perhaps you had better defer purchasing for a month or two.

W. W. L., Paris, Mo.—Southern Railway common is not likely to receive a dividend in the fiscal year 1917-18, though 2 or 3 per cent could easily be disbursed. The company is pursuing a very conservative policy. This is plainly shown by the fact that the holders of the preferred shares are still hoping for a resumption of payments, in spite of exceptionally large gross and net revenues. The idea obtains in Wall Street that they will be paid either 4 or 5 per cent in 1917.

T. H. B., Des Moines, Ia.—Both Ray Consolidated and Inspiration Consolidated are very good properties and should do better, but there has been so much trading in the industrials in the last few months that it might be a good policy to change over to the railway stocks, as it seems sure there will be a movement in the lower-priced rails in the near future. Cannot definitely advise at the present time whether you should sell your coppers or not, but refer you to answer to "Bargain," above, for general statement as to copper situation. Rock Island looks good, but everything in the market is problematical now.

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### New Books Received

FRAGMENTS by Laurie J. Quinby. Printed by the author at Omaha, Nebr.

Short editorials, each selected by the editor for some particular excellence, from "The Chancellor," which Mr. Quinby published for some eight years. Mr. Quinby is a well-known advocate of the Single Tax, and did good work for the cause as a member of the Nebraska legislature. He writes with both taste and fervor and clear thoughtfulness.

SUSPENDED JUDGMENTS by John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw; \$2.00.

Essays on books and sensations, in which the author endeavors to express more deliberately and less spasmodically the various after-thoughts and reactions produced in him in the past few years by a rereading of his favorite writers—Montaigne, Pascal, Voltaire, Rousseau, Balzac, Hugo, etc. The result is excellent literary appreciation; the style of both the writing and the printing make the book easy reading.

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYS. New York: Doubleday-Page Co.; 75c.

No. 20 of the Drama League series of plays, being four one-act plays: "The Clod" by Lewis Beach; "Overtones" by Alice Gerstenberg; "Eugenically Speaking" by Edward Goodman; and "Helen's Husband" by Philip Moeller, with a preface by Edward Goodman and an introduction by Walter Pritchard Eaton. These are the four plays that have met with the greatest success as produced by the Washington Square Players during the past two years.

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# Notice to Tax Payers

Collector's Office

City Hall

The month of December will be the last month in which Taxes for the Current year, 1916, can be paid without penalties.

Would advise those who have not paid, but desire to do so, and be promptly waited on, not to wait until the last few days when the office is crowded.

Statements will be furnished if requests are accompanied by postage.

EDMOND KOELN,

Collector of the Revenue.

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